

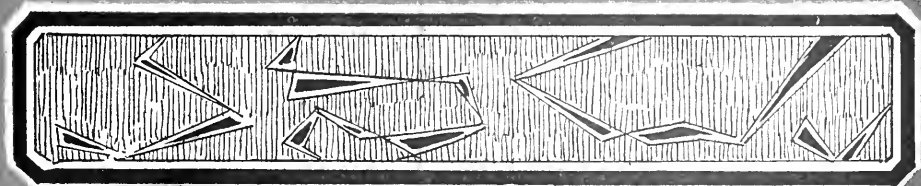


# IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XVI

OCTOBER, 1913

No. 12



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF  
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# **The Improvement Era**

**Seventeenth Year Begins November, 1913  
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The ERA, as heretofore, will present the best in home literature in Volume 17. The Senior or the Junior Manual is free with each subscription. The Senior Manual treats on "Man in Relation to his Work"—good reading for all who appreciate the nobility of work. The Junior Manual treats "Courage" as the underlying factor in the development of manliness and character. It contains also twenty Scout Lessons. There are nearly sixty stories, with sixteen recitations suitable for the home and fireside.

### **WHAT THE ERA REPRESENTS**

The ERA represents the Priesthood Quorums, the Y. M. M. I. A., and the Church Schools. Through its pages, the General Church Authorities, the Priesthood Outlines Committee, the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., and the Church School Organization offer their counsels, instructions and admonitions to their memberships, as well as the best literary efforts of their teachers and educators, to the general reader. The best writings of the best Church authors, and the best efforts of beginners are sought for the pages of the ERA. Glance at the names of authors in the index of this number as an example of what may be expected in Volume 17.

### **SOME SPECIAL FEATURES FOR VOLUME 17**

#### **PIONEER SKETCHES**

Among the features for the IMPROVEMENT ERA, 1913-14, will be a series of sketches on the "Frontier Experiences of E. H. Maxfield, Pioneer and Indian Scout of 1853." Other pioneer and scout sketches will also appear.

#### **DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES,**

Richly illustrated, will appear in this volume, among them: "The West of Ireland as It Is," with original drawings by the author;

"All Aboard for Antwerp;" "New York Through Western Eyes;" "Six Days in a Coach through the Yellowstone;" and "Above the Clouds in Popocatepetl."

## DISCOVERIES OF UTAH ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITION

We have been fortunate in securing the services of Joseph F. Anderson, formerly principal of the Monroe High School, and a member of this expedition which, during the past summer, went to Arizona, and southeastern Utah, on a most profitable trip of exploration. Mr. Anderson promises some interesting matter for our readers, accompanied with good photographs, besides some sketches in pencil by himself. Considerable material on the manners and customs of the Navajos and other Indian tribes of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, will be found in these articles, and some interesting facts are given relating to the pioneer settlers of Bluff, Monticello and Moab, including some thrilling episodes connected with their history.

## ESSAYS

Among these are: "The Science of Clean Living," "Training of Adolescence vs. that of Childhood;" "Motherhood;" "The Menace of Ignorance," and many others.

## AN HISTORICAL NARRATIVE

Entitled, "The Belated Immigrants of 1856," a thrilling illustrated account of the hand-cart company, with new and unpublished portraits, will inform the reader of the hardships endured by men and women who traversed the plains on foot to Utah.

## A RELIGIOUS SERIAL

"Hebrew Idioms and Analogies in the Book of Mormon" will appear—extremely interesting to the student of that sacred record.

## "TRADITIONS OF THE UTAH INDIANS

In relation to the creation of the world, with a vocabulary of the Utah and Shoshone dialect." A rare little publication by D. B. Huntington, will be reproduced. D. B. Huntington learned the Utah and Shoshone dialects in the employment of the United States government, had a long acquaintance with the Indians, their language, manners and customs, and was a well-known Indian scout and pioneer of Utah.

## RELIGIOUS AND DOCTRINAL ARTICLES

"The Claims of Joseph Smith," "Man, Be Not Thine Own Accuser," "Faith," "The Divinity of 'Mormonism,'" and many others

of like character will please the reader who delights in sane and sound religious doctrine.

#### A SHORT STORY IN EVERY NUMBER

"The Bright Angel Trail," "A Question of Conversion," "The Sign," etc., are among the titles.

#### THE USUAL DEPARTMENTS

"Priesthood Quorums' Table,"

"Church Schools Department,"

"Vocations and Industries,"

"Mutual Work" will be continued and contain important facts for all.

"Events," etc.

#### THE EDITORIAL PAGES

As heretofore, will contain up-to-date articles from the pen of President Joseph F. Smith, on living topics.

### **A MESSAGE TO STAKE PRESIDENTS**

DEAR BROTHER: The splendid success of the ERA during the past year is largely due to the loyal support of our Church officers. Testimonies are received daily expressing thankfulness for the great good the magazine is doing at home and abroad. It being the organ of the Priesthood quorums, the Y. M. M. I. A., and the Church Schools, and you representing these organizations in your locality, now we ask you to join us in increasing the ERA'S field of usefulness.

We shall write our stake superintendents, asking them to co-operate with you, and we feel assured that you will help them in selecting workers and doing all you can personally to make the canvass a success.

It may assist you to read the following reasons given by one of the readers of the ERA why it is worth while:

1. "I never read an article in the ERA but what I am a better man for having done so.
2. "I receive the latest revealed thought explaining gospel principles.
3. "I am preaching the gospel by sending to all the missionaries and many public libraries the magazine free.
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8. "I always have a good place to go for a choice reading, a poem, a story which I might wish to use in a family or public gathering.

9. "I have at the end of the year a choice selection of doctrinal, religious, historical, scientific, literary and descriptive articles which may be bound into a volume of useful reference."

As the ERA is the organ of the Priesthood Quorums I feel that you should take as great an interest in increasing the circulation of the magazine as myself and associates of the General Board, and therefore appeal to you to see that young men are appointed in each ward, through the superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. to solicit renewals and to obtain as many new subscribers as possible in your stake for the new volume beginning November 1.

### NOW IS THE TIME TO DO THIS.

Thanking you for prompt attention and for past help, I am

Your friend and brother,

HEBER J. GRANT,  
Business Manager.

### SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW

We point to volume 16 as a sample of the many special, timely and appropriate articles appearing which cannot be named in advance, and as with this volume, we have several surprises in store for readers of Volume 17, IMPROVEMENT ERA.

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Presidents of ward Y. M. M. I. A's should arrange immediately for a complete canvass of their wards. Instructions can be obtained from stake Superintendents of Y. M. M. I. A. who have the canvass for the ERA in hand. The general office will gladly furnish information, lists, suggestions, receipt books and sample copies.

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**1913**

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## SERMONETS

"There is nothing like faith to bring out the manly quality."—*Education for Life*.

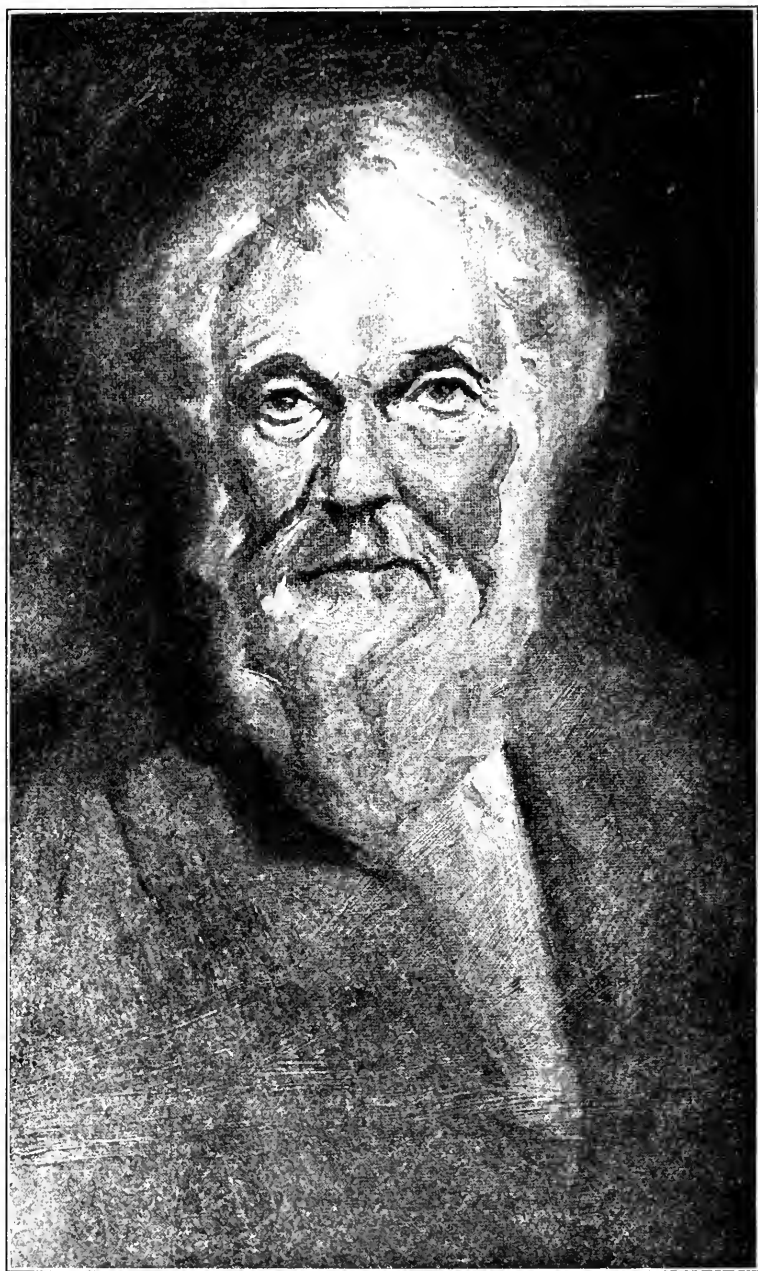
"Good wholesome reading is an excellent thing for the formation of character."—*Samuel Chapman Armstrong*.

For teachers of classes and presiding officers to remember: Boys will start with you if you start on time, and quit you if you don't quit on time.

The man who has the proper respect for his wife will not keep all the cash in his own pocket. It is a disgrace for a woman, particularly a farmer's wife, to be obliged to beg for money from her husband. She earns her share, and is entitled to have a say in the spending of it. —*Farm Journal*.

"Religion is a jealous thing; it must either have first place in a man's heart, or no place. It cannot be subordinate to any other aim, impulse, or passion. It accepts no compromises. It must either be the master of a man, his great guiding principle, or it is worse than worthless."—Prof. Wm. Lyon Phelps, of Yale, in his new book, *Teaching in School and College*.

The women are the true conservators of the race. The men are the wastrels, the adventure lovers and gamblers; and in the end it is by their women they are saved. About man's first experiment in chemistry was the making of alcohol, and down all the generations to this day man has continued to manufacture and drink it. And there has never been a day when the women have not resented man's use of alcohol, though they have never had the power to give weight to their resentment. The moment women get the vote in any community, the first thing they proceed to do is to close the saloons. In a thousand generations to come men of themselves will not close the saloons. As well expect victims of morphine to legislate it out of existence. The women know. They have paid an incalculable price of sweat and tears for man's use of alcohol. Ever jealous for the race, they will legislate for the babes of boys yet to be born; and for the babes of girls too—for they must be the mothers, wives and sisters of these boys. And it will be easy. The only ones that will be hurt will be the toppers and seasoned drinkers of a single generation. It will not hurt them very much to stop drinking when no one else drinks and when no drink is obtainable. On the other hand, the overwhelming proportion of young men are so normally non-alcoholic that, never having had access to alcohol, they will never miss it. They will know of the saloon only in the pages of history, and they will think of the saloon as a quaint old custom similar to bull-baiting and the burning of witches.—*Saturday Evening Post*.



ETIENNE CABOT

From a painting made in 1853, in Nauvoo, by Charles DeBault, one of his disciples.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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OCTOBER, 1913.

No. 12.

## The Icarians

BY JUNIUS F. WELLS

To the student of our Church history familiar with the tragic incidents leading to the forcible expulsion of the Latter-day Saints from one place of residence to another—city, county, or state—the aftermath of these localities is bound to be of interest. Who succeeded to the houses and lands from which they have been driven? What has been the fortune of those entering upon the possessions of this cruelly dispossessed people?



A CITIZEN OF ICARIA  
His dress is of the style of 1840.

It is a fact of history that upon each occasion of their being driven away, the Saints found better places to go to, where they were greatly prospered and blessed. It is also true that no substantial benefits came to those whose envious greed for other people's property led them to take part in the mobbings and murders that drove the owners away, leaving well-built houses and cultivated lands as the spoil of their persecutors.

Jackson county, Missouri, was swept as with a besom of destruction, years after the Saints left there, in fulfilment of a remarkable prophecy that such should be its fate, uttered by Joseph Smith, in 1838. The other counties in Missouri occupied by the Saints have never since known their old-time thrift, that made them like the garden of Eden under the tillage of the Saints, until they were expelled from the state.

It is in part to show how Nauvoo, "the city beautiful," con-

tributes a chapter to this historic decadence, that I have gleaned some facts of interest concerning a remarkable people who succeeded the Saints in the occupancy of this one-time loveliest city of Illinois, and the farms of surpassing excellence surrounding it.

These people were called Icarians. It is doubtful if any of them are left. Should there be any, they probably still occupy the dozen small frame houses located upon the four or five hundred acres of land, held in common twelve or fifteen years ago, by about sixty inhabitants of what they still called Icaria, in Adams county, near the southwest corner of Iowa. Here they were as nearly out of touch with the rest of the world as possible, maintaining the customs and dress, and thinking and living in the styles of 1840, a peculiar remnant of a people who had had a day of considerable promise and a prospect of importance.

The origin of the Icarians, and the measure of transient success attained by them, came through the Utopian dream and energetic efforts of Etienne Cabet, a Frenchman, born in Dijon, France, in 1788. He was fairly well educated, being trained in the law, and became interested in politics, a social reformer and a leader of the French Carbonari, through whose aid he was elected a member of the assembly. He was a man of undoubted ability, but took up extreme socialistic views. He wrote a fiery history of the French Revolution, much praised by early republicans, and later established a newspaper—a forerunner of the present-day yellow journal, in whose pages he managed to print libels enough to secure a conviction and sentence of two years' imprisonment, which he escaped by fleeing to England. In 1839 he returned to France, and in the following year published his famous book called *A Voyage into Icaria*. From its appearance, Cabet repudiated its Utopian character, and declaring himself a genuine reformer, set to work to put his theories into practical form.



AN ICARIAN LADY  
Dressed in the fashion of 1840.

Icaria, according to the book, was an ideal place of dwelling, where men and women could live perfect lives. It was the center of political and social perfection, located in a remote part of the world. A flavor of romance is given in *The Voyage* by assuming that this ideal place and condition is the quest of a young English



lord whose diary describes, in great particularity, all the elements and conditions that are found finally in Icaria, where his journey ends in a paradisaical haven of perfect peace.

With the narrative supplementing the personal proselyting of its author, Cabet won converts to his scheme of a communistic society. He had ability as an organizer, and with his cheerful, optimistic disposition, and strong will, was soon able to place himself at the head of a small company, bound together under a constitution and set of rules of government designed to give every soul absolute freedom and equality. There were to be no masters and servants. Preponderance of opinion was to rule in all ventures, and was to be expressed by men and women in weekly meetings, and the government was entrusted to four directors. The directors were respectively of agriculture, general industry, of building, and of clothing. These were presided over by a president, elected once a year. Religion was tabooed and no form of worship allowed nor ecclesiastic authority recognized. They, however, set apart Sunday as a day of rest from toil, and it was devoted to amusements of various kinds. A maxim among them was that each should seek his own pleasure, without interference from any one, in his own peculiar way. This was the ultimate of what they regarded as absolute equality, and comprehended free love, free thought, and free speech.

In the early spring of 1848, the first company of sixty-nine persons sailed from Havre for this to-be-found earthly paradise. Their destination was at some place on the Red River, in Texas. Cabet remained behind to gather other recruits.

The ship *Rome* bore the pioneer company first to the port of New Orleans, where they arrived on the 27th of March, 1848. They were greeted by the booming of cannon—not, however, in their honor, but in celebration, by the French residents, of the downfall of Louis Philippe, and the establishment of the second republic of France.

The Icarian company proceeded to the Red River country, and from the first suffered intensely, and were soon disillusioned of their fantastic dreams. Yellow fever broke out among them. They were soon penniless, and with discontent and failure, Cabet found upon his arrival at New Orleans, early in 1849, that his company was broken up and all but perished.

It was at this juncture that he learned of the abandoned city of Nauvoo. And quick to appreciate the possibilities of a ready-built city, and fields already fenced and cultivated, in a climate free from fever, he made haste to gather the remnant of the first company and with his new followers made their way up the Mississippi. They established themselves in Nauvoo, ostensibly for a short time, it being considered only a recruiting station for the

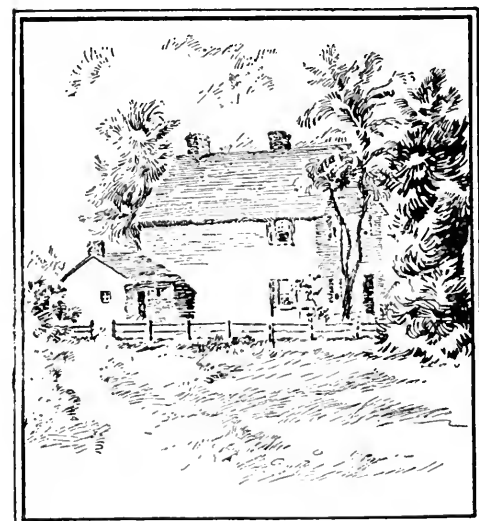
gathering of the ideal people who were to proceed thence to the ideal Icaria, when it should be finally located—somewhere yet to be determined, farther from the imperfect civilization it was their hope to leave and finally supplant.

But Nauvoo they found to be already well-nigh the realization of their dreams, so far as homes and gardens and fields went. Here all was prepared, and had they been a religious people, they would have said, providentially made to order for them. They took good advantage of the favorable conditions. Confining themselves to their own form of community government, they set to work. They tilled the fields, wrought at trades of various sorts, set up a printing press, and published books and pamphlets in French and German, and established schools; and were so prosperous, for a season, that at the height of their success they numbered nearly five thousand souls.

Fruit culture, especially of the grape, from which they made much wine; silk culture also, was carried on. They had property in common. They ate at one table. They were industrious, frugal, simple in dress, and had the forms of unity in which the ideal Christian life is truly to be lived, as at times it has been lived; but the Icarians lacked what nearly all communistic societies have ever lacked, the Spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of unity. The

inevitable, therefore, transpired. Cabet, their leader, grew arrogant with power, and dictatorial. Dissension was followed by open hostility, and within five years Cabet found himself an exile, with a handful of adherents, seeking another place for the ideal Icaria.

These were waiting at St. Louis to decide whither they should go, when the fatal illness seized their undaunted leader, and there, on the 8th of November, 1856, Cabet died, at the age of sixty-nine years.



ETIENNE CABET'S HOME IN NAUVOO  
Formerly the home of a "Mormon" leader.

One branch of the disorganized society struck out for the West, and located in

southwestern Iowa, where the last signs of the Icarians, if any are left, may yet be found. The greater part of the people went back to France. The property was equally divided, and sold, and the opportunity again afforded individuals to secure bargains in realty.

In accrediting Perriton Maxwell with much of the matter contained in this sketch, it is of interest to quote his comment, though we may not altogether agree with it:

"Such is the story of Icaria. In the history of remarkable communistic colonies it deserves a place apart from its fellows. Its makers and martyrs attempted without knowledge to realize the democratic communism of the old Utopian philosophers, and, as disappointing as is its career, the recording of its experiences points a sociological moral that needs no iteration to give it force. Like all of his predecessors and many of his successors who have had the communistic bee buzzing in their bonnets, Cabet failed to understand that human nature itself must first be changed before men can learn to live in perpetual harmony and still carry on their affairs. As yet, the only absolute communistic settlement, in which there is neither disconcerting ambition of leaders on the one side, nor the very human resentment of the led on the other, is found in every cemetery. That is as far as the communistic ideal has traveled in five centuries; that is as far, perhaps, as it will go in five more centuries."

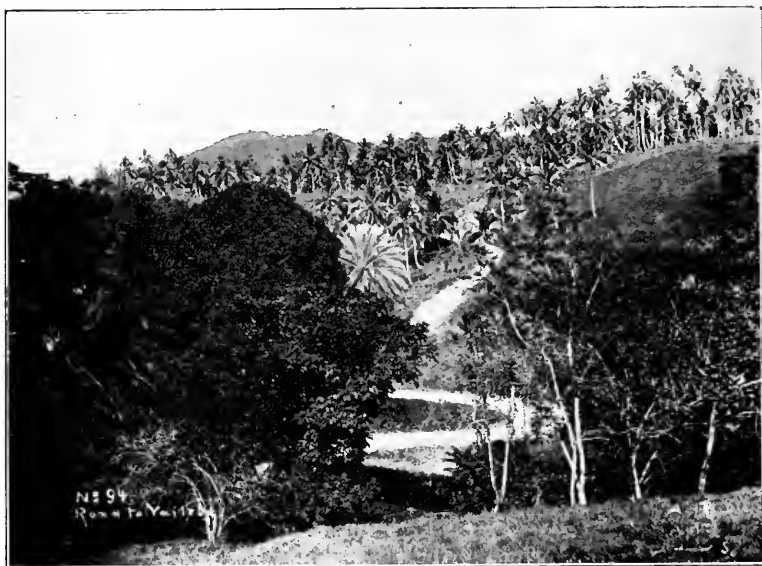
For years, however, Nauvoo remained dormant, so far as expansion goes, in any industrial sense. Latterly grape culture and fruit raising is increasing. The Catholics have established boys' and girls' boarding schools there, and considerable revival of commerce is noted. This will largely increase from the operation of the great power plant, at the Keokuk dam—the greatest in America, located twelve miles below Nauvoo. Here over three hundred thousand horsepower of electric energy has been developed, and the largest locks, greater even than at the Panama canal, have been built to pass the largest man-of-war that can float in the Father of Waters. To dam the Mississippi and construct locks for safe navigation by the largest vessels are said to have been advocated and predicted by the Prophet Joseph.

(In Vol. 17, IMPROVEMENT ERA, beginning Nov. 1, the reader will find many important historical papers.)

# Visit to a Rubber Plantation in Samoa

BY M. V. COOMBS

It was while I was visiting the Upolu conference, of the Samoan Mission, together with my school from Tutuila, that President D. C. McBride, Conference President W. E. Tangreen, Brother and Sister D. E. Wilcox, and their daughters Lavera and Myrtle, and myself, decided to pay a visit to the German Rubber Plantation. This large tract of land, consisting of two thousand acres, is just across the river from our village and plantation of



“Plantations situated in the crater of an extinct volcano”

Sauniatu, and about three miles inland from the coast. Both plantations are situated in the crater of an extinct volcano, with a river flowing through the center which separates the two.

About seven years ago a German firm leased the land, known now as the German Firm rubber plantation, and immediately set out to clear it of the large trees and underbrush which grow so very luxuriantly in Samoa. As soon as the land was cleared and the large trees sufficiently decayed, the planting of the trees commenced which took considerable time and work; now, to show

for it, they have five hundred thousand thriving rubber trees and forty thousand cocoa trees.

There are several varieties of rubber trees under cultivation, but the two principal species are: one, a native of Brazil, and the other, of Africa. The former is the best suited for Samoa. It grows quite high and has a leaf almost like that of a cottonwood. The latter is a more spreading tree with very thick and large leaves of a dark green color, and is not old enough for tapping until ten years of age, while the first is quite ready when only five years old. Although the tree is tapped every four days, during its life, it retains vitality until nearly fifty years of age, when it becomes no longer useful as a rubber producer.



RUBBER TREE

At present the tapping is done by Chinese coolies at the enormous salary of three dollars a month, according to the amount of milk they bring in each night.

Let us follow one of these boys as he works. Each one has under his care about three hundred trees, and taps one hundred trees each day. If the visitor is an early riser, he will hear the gong ringing at five o'clock in the morning. At the sound of the gong the Chinamen are all up, eat a hasty breakfast and take a lunch prepared the night previous and go to their work. Each boy carries a tapping knife, made especially for this purpose, three bottles of water, and a large white-enameled bucket which is full of small zinc cups.

Great care must be taken not to cut too deeply, because if the cut is made entirely through the bark, the tree will be injured, and will never from then on yield so large a supply of sap. First, the bark is carefully scraped and washed, then a cut is made down the tree lengthwise, commencing about two and one-half feet above the ground. At the lower end of this cut, a cup is firmly fixed. Seven inches above the cut another cut is made, reaching not quite half way around the tree, and at an angle of sixty degrees in relation to the first cut. This appears to be a dugway leading down a cut-bank from the level to the stream

below,—the perpendicular cut being the river. Then seven inches higher, another cut is made, in the same manner, and seven inches higher still another is made, making three tributary rivers of milk running into the main river, and all on the same side.

This done, the boy takes some of the water that he carries along, and moistens the cut, which starts the sap to running quite freely. The boy treats one hundred trees this way every morning, as the flow of sap is much greater in the morning than at any other time of the day. The only way I have of accounting for this is that the night, being very cool, and the days being very hot, the sap descends to the roots, and in the morning when the sun rises, it draws the sap to the leaves. Acting somewhat as our American trees do in regard to winter and summer.

When our boy has finished tapping, he returns to the first tree tapped, which by this time has ceased flowing, and what little rubber is left in the wound, is cleaned out and mixed with the sap, while the cut is washed with water. The contents of the cup are emptied into his bucket, and the cup left at the foot of the tree, which will be tapped again in four more days. Each tree is treated in this manner. When he has collected all the milk, the boy's bucket is a little more than half full of the milky liquid which looks good enough to drink. Upon tasting it, I found it to possess a sickly, sweet taste. The dogs are very fond of it. As the overseer makes his rounds accompanied by his dogs, the Chinamen have to be very careful lest the dogs drink a goodly portion of the sap.

Each time the tree is tapped from now on, the boy only peels the scab off the wound. As this goes on continually, the scar gets larger, until the line above blurs into the one below it, thus making one large scar on one side of the tree, about two and one-half feet long, and reaching nearly half way around the tree. It takes about one-half year to do this tapping of the tree every four days. When this is finished, the other side of the tree is treated the same way, but the lines are three inches higher, the one perpendicular cut serving for both the first and second half of the year. When both sides are finished, the perpendicular cut is lengthened two and one-half feet, and this is treated in the same manner as the first. This is continued, year after year, getting just two and one-half feet higher each year, until the boy is tapping way up in the middle branches.

We must hurry now and catch our boy, as he is quite a distance ahead of us. As we hasten along the road, we pass many of these little men, each carrying a white pail half full of the milky sap. As we enter the factory, we notice that the shelves are all filled with wooden vats about thirty inches long, ten inches wide, and two inches deep. All are washed scrupulously clean,

ready to receive the milk which by this time is being brought in, in large quantities by our Mongolian cousins.

As each boy brings in his milk, it is measured and strained into one of these vats, and the strainer, measure and bucket are washed in a large cauldron of water put in the center of the floor



A COCOA TREE

for this purpose. As each vat is filled, a few drops of a certain acid is put into the milk and thoroughly stirred. This causes the milk to curdle and within five minutes one is able to take hold of

the rubber and lift it clear of the pan. When the buckets are all washed, a few drops of the acid are put in the wash-water which cause the waste sap to accumulate in hard lumps, so that none whatever is wasted.

You might liken the rubber factory to a dairy. The milk is brought in and strained, then measured. Instead of putting the milk through a separator to separate the cream from the whey, a little acid is added which immediately separates the rubber globules from the whey, which has the color of a glass of water with a drop of milk.

The rubber now is pure white, not altogether unlike stiff flour paste. The pans are allowed to stand for four or five hours.



DRYING THE COCOA

Then the rubber of one pan is put on top of that of another and the two pressed together. This causes the two to stick together as if they were glued. In this condition the rubber is thoroughly washed and run two or three times through heavy rollers, and then hung up to dry.

The sap placed in the vats is made into what is called first quality rubber, while the waste-sap makes second class rubber. The first quality is thin, strong and clear, and brings a price of



\$1.50 or \$1.75 per pound, while the second quality is thick, lumpy and black, and brings a price of from fifty to seventy-five cents per pound.

After drying for four days, the rubber is placed between thin sheets of paper in a tight chest and shipped to Hamburg, Germany.

TUTUILA, SAMOA

(A number of highly interesting descriptive articles will appear in the IMPROVEMENT ERA, Vol. 17, beginning Nov. 1, 1913.)

Mrs. Cyril Duffin, secretary of the New Castle Conference, Sunderland, England, May 31: "After a long siege of persecutions experienced last summer the Newcastle Conference is now enjoying a reign of peace and prosperity. Of late a few of the leading anti-'Mormons' who took such an active part in the crusade of last year have had their true characters revealed, and are under servitude for the same crimes that they wrongfully accused the 'Mormons' of. Back of each dark cloud is a silver lining. The officials are now giving us absolute protection, and with the help of the Lord we are able to hold



street meetings and go about unmolested. The elders are, left to right, back row: J. C. Lindsay, Ovid, Idaho; F. J. Bradshaw, Magrath, Canada; J. C. Gibby, Provo; Benj. O. Clegg, Bench, Idaho; Francis Simpson, Bedford, Wyo.; W. H. Breeze, Taylorsville; second row: Gerald Cazier, Nephi; George T. Cox, Pocatello, Idaho; L. K. Sims, Salt Lake; V. E. Gilbert, Winter Quarters; George Duffin, Provo; M. J. Steed, Syracuse, Utah; L. M. Haynie, Manassa, Colorado; D. A. Robison, Morgan; third row: R. L. Harrison, Auburn, Wyo.; H. W. Roberts, Ogden; Amos Belnap, Preston, Idaho; Fred R. Woolley, Salt Lake, Emigration Clerk of the Liverpool office; Cyril Duffin, Provo, President of the Newcastle Conference; Mrs. Cyril Duffin, Provo, Clerk of the conference; Joseph Parmley, Winter Quarters; M. G. Brixen, Salt Lake; R. C. Merrill, Richmond; sitting: R. D. Bradshaw, Magrath, Canada; L. C. Clements, Salt Lake."

# Pap's Mission

BY ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

The wind was whirling the flakes of falling snow in great stinging eddies. The streets of L—— were already white and the feet of the horses drawing the mail coach crunched through a frozen crust. The driver huddled close within his wraps in a vain effort to keep warm. A few people were hurrying along the sidewalk toward the post office, their forms bent beneath the storm. A bright light gleamed from the little office window, and as the coach stopped at the gate the outer door opened and Pap Ludwig's cheery face appeared, a warmer glow added to its usual ruddiness, by the crackling fire which danced behind him in the big, old-fashioned fireplace.

"Good evening, Jim," he greeted the shivering driver, "you're on time in spite of the storm. Here, I'll get the mail-bag; you go in and warm yourself."

"Thanks, Pap, I believe I'll let you. I'm as stiff as a board."

"Any passengers?" he asked later as he was warming his numbed fingers before the fire, and Pap was fitting the key attached to a long chain into the lock of the mail pouch.

"Yes, Davie Forest expects to go. He's leaving for a mission, you know. I guess that's him coming now." Pap opened the door leading into the outer entry. "Good evening, Davie, come in. The mail just got here, so you'll have time to get good and warm while I'm sorting it over."

The newcomer entered and crossed to the fireplace, seating himself beside the driver, while Pap proceeded to unlock the mail-bag and empty its contents upon the floor.

"I'm breaking the law, boys," the old man chuckled as he began sorting the letters and papers, "letting you stay in the room where I'm looking over the mail. But I've broke it so many times in that particular place on blizzard nights like this that I guess once more won't make much difference." The three chatted on until Pap's task was finished. He placed the mail that was to go on to the other villages into the sack, cancelled the handful of outgoing letters, then locked up the pouch again.

"Alright, Jim, here you are," he said to the driver, then turned to the other young man with extended hand. "Good bye, Davie, and God bless you. I never had the chance you're having, and there's not a boy leaves L—— for a mission but I envy him. And here, I almost forgot this." He reached into a pigeon hole and took

out a piece of gold which he placed in the boy's hand. "I didn't get to go to your farewell party last night on account of the mail being late, so I'll give it to you now."

"Thank you, Pap," the boy said chokingly, and he started to follow the driver to the door.

"Why, Davie, where are your overshoes?" asked Pap as his eye happened to rest for a moment on the boy's feet.

"My old ones were worse than nothing, and I couldn't find my size in the store, so thought I could get along until I get to C——. They have the post office in the co-op. store there, you know. I guess I can get some there, all right."

"But your feet will freeze before you get to C—— a night like this. You get mine in the corner there by the fireplace and put them on."

"Oh, no, Pap, I couldn't do that; I'll be all right."

"Tut, tut, boy. Do as I tell you."

David hesitated a moment, then obeyed. "I'll send them back by Jim," he said.

"Don't bother, my boy. Take good care of yourself and make good use of the privilege you are having. Remember such opportunities don't come to us all. Even old Pap Ludwig is still looking forward hopefully to his mission." The old man chuckled as he closed the door behind his young friend and opened the distributing window to the little group in the entry.

For awhile he was busy passing out letters and papers and answering enquiries, but finally the little crowd was gone, and he was about to close the window when a woman entered the outer door.

"Good evening, Sister Bently." Pap greeted every one in L—— with the kindest familiarity. "How did you manage to get here in the storm? I suppose you are looking for a letter from Sam, but it didn't come tonight."

The woman did not hide her disappointment. "He said he would send some money this week, and today's Saturday."

"Well, now that's too bad. But it will surely come by Monday. If it doesn't and you are needing it, Sister Bently, I hope you will let me lend it to you until it does come. Remember, your John and I were the warmest friends, and anything I can do for his family is a pleasure."

"Thank you, Pap," the woman answered brokenly. "You have already done so much for us that we can never hope to repay you, and I think it will come. Sam has a good job now."

"Well, if it doesn't, you must remember that Pap has plenty and is anxious to do you a brotherly turn any time. Good night."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Pap's arrested!" The word spread like wildfire through

the little village. Men stood in serious groups on street corners discussing the news. Women told it to each other over back fences. Even the children stopped in their play and talked of the dreadful fact in awed whispers.

Arrests were almost unheard of in L—. Once, in the remote past, a horsethief had been brought to justice there. Some one else had been dealt with for selling liquor; and on another occasion a crowd of youngsters had been locked up for a couple of days for disturbing the peace. But for Pap, dear old Pap Ludwig, whom everybody loved and trusted and went to in time of want or trouble,—for Pap to be arrested—it was unbelievable. For stealing, too! Pap arrested for stealing a letter containing twenty-five dollars sent by Sam Bently to his mother! Why, Pap had lent Mrs. Bentley money on many occasions. He had money out among the people most of the time, so it could not have been that need tempted him. If he wanted to steal, why had he not done it in the days of hardship and poverty before the death of his invalid wife? He had the post office then the same as now. These questions and many similar were being asked over and over by Pap's friends. There seemed to be no solution to the mystery, however. The facts remained that Sam Bentley's letter had been traced by government inspectors to Pap's office and there it had disappeared.

The day of the trial came. The little court house was packed with the old man's friends. The evidence was presented and the verdict brought in, then the judge asked the prisoner if he had anything to say.

Pap, who had sat with bowed head during the proceeding, now raised his haggard face. He had aged years in the few days since his arrest. There was a silence throbbing with sympathy throughout the room. For a moment he hesitated, then staggered to his feet. A sob caught in many a throat as he half tottered across the platform and leaned against the stand.

He looked over the faces upturned to him—the faces of his boys and girls—for, though Pap had missed the blessing of natural parenthood, he had within his soul a universal father love which many real fathers lack. After a short pause he began to speak, and there was the tremor of heartbreak in his voice.

"I thought I wouldn't say anything. I thought I couldn't; it seemed there was nothing to say, as I sat and heard the evidence that proved me a thief. You have all heard it, too. Soon you'll hear the sentence that will send me to the penitentiary. I cannot blame the witnesses, nor the jury, nor shall I blame the judge. They are all doing their duty to the law, for I have been proved guilty. I cannot blame any of you for what you may think. I do not ask you to believe me, but though I have been

proved a thief, I swear before you and God that I am innocent." His voice had wavered to a higher pitch and one wrinkled hand was raised above his head. "I never took a penny that didn't belong to me in my life. I swear before heaven that I never saw Sam Bentley's letter." He tottered back to his seat. Smothered sobs sounded all over the room confused with coughing and blowing of noses.

The judge cleared his throat, wiped his glasses and cleared his throat again before he administered the sentence. It was the minimum sentence for such a crime, but it meant three years in the penitentiary—three years and the breaking of an old man's heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pap's first days in that great somber cage, were full of bewilderment. His kindly old eyes had the expression of a child who has suddenly been awakened in a new surrounding. Then bitterness began to stir within him. God must know he was innocent, how could he permit such an injustice? For a while the light of love and trust which had illumined the old man's life glimmered and flickered as if it must go out, and leave his soul in darkness. Fortunately before the last spark had expired, something—perhaps his own misery—caused him to observe the misery about him. With his thoughts turned from himself the man was on safe ground again.

Something in the dull, hardened faces to which he was growing accustomed, touched him deeply. The thought came to him that perhaps others, like himself, were suffering unjustly—others of those hopeless, calloused men—and their light had gone out. Even if not innocent they all had once been free, normal, hoping, loving men, with something to live and strive for. Some mistake, —and no one but God could really know and judge it—had sent them there to live through dreary, endless days, robbed of life's object. Their light had gone out.

Pap's paternal heart went out with a father's yearning love to these boys—misjudged, misunderstood, guilty, perhaps—but boys whose light had gone out. All the misery vanished from his own soul with the coming of a mighty purpose, Pap had found his mission.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I've been expecting this," the warden spoke slowly, his eyes bent upon a long, legal document. The guard to whom the words were addressed, looked up enquiringly.

"It's a pardon for 'Pap' Ludwig. Of course it's right that he should get it, too, for if the old man was ever guilty he's wiped the page clean before now. But I hate to see him go. He's

done more for the boys than all of us officers and all the ministers we've ever had could do in a lifetime."

"You're right there," responded the guard warmly. "He's even got Tige Nickson to reading the Bible, and I haven't had any trouble with Skinny and Buck for months. The boys seem to look upon him as a sort of demigod and they are decent while he is around anyhow. When does he leave?"

"Immediately. Go and bring him in now."

The guard soon returned with Pap. For a moment after he began to comprehend what was meant by the long paper which the warden handed him,—when he saw the names of his friends and hundreds of others and knew that it meant home and liberty, his face glowed with a new light. He began to speak, then became silent and sadly thoughtful. After a few moments he looked up and addressed the warden slowly.

"I wish, sir, that you would thank the governor and let it be known that I thank the people whose names are signed here. It would be fine to go home, of course—but—I was sentenced for three years—and—I'll finish my term. I shouldn't like to leave the boys just now." Though the warden and other officials and even the "boys" remonstrated, Pap's decision was final. In writing to his friends at home he stated simply that his mission was not completed and that seemed to settle it.

While he had enjoyed unusual liberties before, now no restrictions whatever were placed upon him, and he spent his time happily among the "boys" rekindling in their souls the light which had gone out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christmas time was drawing near. Pap knew, as every one who stops to think of it must know, that instead of the spirit of peace and good will which Christmas spreads over the land, to those unfortunate beings shut away from home and love and liberty, it could only bring added misery and bitterness.

Pap set to work early with the prayerful purpose of bringing something of the true Christmas spirit within those gloomy walls. The officials entered heartily into his plans and for weeks quiet, happy preparations were being made for the external expression of the feelings that were being wrought within.

At last the day arrived. In the morning there was a religious service consisting mainly of splendid music from the city. Some of the "boys" gave sentiments and quotations, while the sermon was a simple little talk by Pap himself. It lacked in oratorical style and eloquence, but it was full of human brotherhood and it touched the hearts of those world's outcasts with a spark of the love and hope divine.

Then came the sumptuous Christmas dinner. At Pap's re-

quest the time for its consumption was prolonged while a number of officers were present and made the banquet lively with humorous stories.

In the afternoon they all met to see the Christmas tree. Every one had enjoyed a secret part of the preparation for this portion of the program. Pap reminded them that they were little boys once more, and that if they were good Santa Claus would come and distribute their gifts. How fortunate it is that we never lose the play instinct! Even that group of criminals, at the old man's magic words, went back into their childhood days and had another Christmas morning.

Santa Claus, who in stature at least, very much resembled the portly warden, now came forward and distributed grotesque toys, books, pictures, and tiny stockings filled with apples, nuts and candy. Each "boy" received a sealed envelope containing loving greetings from Pap and a few choice sentiments such as, "True greatness consists not in never falling but in rising every time you fall." There was also a small card bearing a little code of New Year's resolutions.

Then the tree was stripped, there were games and songs and stories, and for a while the mistakes and failures and even the punishments of life were forgotten.

Pap went to his room with a warm glow about his heart. Christmas had always been the big day of all the year for him, and always as now he had found his happiness in giving it to others, but today had been a little fuller than any he had known. It was worth so much to see the faces of "his boys," for a little time at least, with the traces of hardness and bitterness and despair all gone.

His thoughts turned lovingly to the friends in the little home town. He thought of the poor and the sick and the lonely it was his custom to make glad on Christmas day. He hoped they were happy tonight and that the spirit of the Christmas Child hovered over them as it hovered over him and over the somber house.

Musing thus he began preparing to retire. There was a light tap at his door. He opened it to find a large book upon the step. Lifting it to the light he discovered it to be a beautiful Bible. On the fly leaf was the inscription, "Presented in loving gratitude to Pap, by his boys." The old man's eyes grew misty as they scanned the names that followed written with laborious care. His hands trembled as he placed it with loving care upon the stand close by his bed. With one hand still upon the book he knelt and thanked God for all his goodness and privileges, and especially for the peace and promise and fulness of that Christmas day.

The next morning Pap was summoned to the reception room

done more for the boys than all of us officers and all the ministers we've ever had could do in a lifetime."

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Christmas time was drawing near. Pap knew, as every one who stops to think of it must know, that instead of the spirit of peace and good will which Christmas spreads over the land, to those unfortunate beings shut away from home and love and liberty, it could only bring added misery and bitterness.

Pap set to work early with the prayerful purpose of bringing something of the true Christmas spirit within those gloomy walls. The officials entered heartily into his plans and for weeks quiet, happy preparations were being made for the external expression of the feelings that were being wrought within.

At last the day arrived. In the morning there was a religious service consisting mainly of splendid music from the city. Some of the "boys" gave sentiments and quotations, while the sermon was a simple little talk by Pap himself. It lacked in oratorical style and eloquence, but it was full of human brotherhood and it touched the hearts of those world's outcasts with a spark of the love and hope divine.

Then came the sumptuous Christmas dinner. At Pap's re-



quest the time for its consumption was prolonged while a number of officers were present and made the banquet lively with humorous stories.

In the afternoon they all met to see the Christmas tree. Every one had enjoyed a secret part of the preparation for this portion of the program. Pap reminded them that they were little boys once more, and that if they were good Santa Claus would come and distribute their gifts. How fortunate it is that we never lose the play instinct! Even that group of criminals, at the old man's magic words, went back into their childhood days and had another Christmas morning.

Santa Claus, who in stature at least, very much resembled the portly warden, now came forward and distributed grotesque toys, books, pictures, and tiny stockings filled with apples, nuts and candy. Each "boy" received a sealed envelope containing loving greetings from Pap and a few choice sentiments such as, "True greatness consists not in never falling but in rising every time you fall." There was also a small card bearing a little code of New Year's resolutions.

Then the tree was stripped, there were games and songs and stories, and for a while the mistakes and failures and even the punishments of life were forgotten.

Pap went to his room with a warm glow about his heart. Christmas had always been the big day of all the year for him, and always as now he had found his happiness in giving it to others, but today had been a little fuller than any he had known. It was worth so much to see the faces of "his boys," for a little time at least, with the traces of hardness and bitterness and despair all gone.

His thoughts moved lovingly to the friends in the little home town. He thought of the poor and the sick and the lonely it was his custom to make glad on Christmas day. He hoped they were happy tonight and that the spirit of the Christmas Child hovered over them as it hovered over him and over the somber house.

Musing thus he began preparing to retire. There was a light tap at his door. He opened it to find a large book upon the step. Lifting it to the light he discovered it to be a beautiful Bible. On the fly leaf was the inscription, "Presented in loving gratitude to Pap, by his boys." The old man's eyes grew misty as they scanned the names that followed written with laborious care. His hands trembled as he placed it with loving care upon the stand close by his bed. With one hand still upon the book he knelt and thanked God for all his goodness and privileges, and especially for the peace and promise and fulness of that Christmas day.

The next morning Pap was summoned to the reception room

where he was met by two agitated young men whom he recognized to be Sam Bentley and David Forest, from L——.

David, his voice choking with emotion, explained their mission. "You remember, Pap, that it was a bitter night when I left L—— for my mission. I had no overshoes, and you insisted on my taking yours. I was going to send them back but could not get any until I got to B——, where I stopped off to see my sister. I left them there.

"A week ago I returned from my mission and was again at sister's. Sam was in B—— and came to spend the evening. We got to talking about your being here and how impossible it was to think you were guilty. All at once something made me think of that night, for I remembered that we met Sam's mother on her way to the post office. We figured that the letter should have reached L—— that night. Suddenly I thought of those overshoes as they stood in the corner before I put them on. I asked sister where they were. After thinking a few minutes she said she believed they had been put in an upstairs closet. Sam and I with one thought rushed to the closet. We found in one of the shoes what we expected, his letter with the money inside. We started for here the next morning, and we would have been here three days ago, but were stopped by a snow slide. We wanted to take you home for Christmas." The boy's voice choked. "To think after suffering all this time for a mistake you had to spend Christmas here."

Pap laid his hand on David's shoulder. "Don't you worry about that, my boy. I'm glad that the letter is found and that I can go home with a clear name, but I wouldn't have missed the privilege of being here for a good deal. When you were starting on your mission I envied you. I had never had such a privilege, I thought. But, Davie, I've learned that a man doesn't have to wait to be called for a mission. Missions are waiting all about for men, if they will only look for them. I found mine here. You wouldn't have left Europe until your time was up. I'm glad I stayed with mine. And as for Christmas—I'm thankful for that snow slide. It gave me the happiest Christmas I have ever known."

[In each number of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, Vol. 17, a short story will appear. The November number begins the volume.]

# Voice of the Intangible

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN

## *Chapter XV—Part of a Program*

With two exceptions, the double-action pintos, and the hickory-hearted buckskin, every horse in the Rojer outfit grew thin from the day the work of Alec and Flossy was added to their own. They endured it, however, and the Pagahrit herd joined the J B round-up at the old cabin on the Elk Mountain. Jud and Juan went on with the steers to Paradox Valley, the place of delivery, but Ben and his father started home by way of Long Flat.

Fred Rojer had been unusually quiet since they left the lake, speaking only when their immediate business demanded it, and always briefly. When he and his son left the noisy herd and rode away through the peaceful pines, instead of striking up a conversation at once, as they were wont to do at other times, they traveled in silence—silently down Joshua's Trail—silently through the narrows of Cane Gulch, and out into the dense forest of cedars beyond it.

Ever since the bay mare evaporated, (or did she take wings and fly?) young Rojer had felt a melancholy boding of evil. Not that he grieved for her, nor for the bay colt in a putrid heap on the sand, though their loss would have been sufficient cause for grief at ordinary times. This was no ordinary time. The two horses could be no more than dead, and there the trouble ended so far as they took part in it; but as to the misery or its extent, in the impending future, he had no heart to guess. From the first, Ben longed to talk it over with his father, and find in it something definite to believe or reject; and when he found the necessities of the herd always in the way of this desire, he counted hopefully on the homeward ride as an ideal, if not really a providential, time for that business.

But behold, on the homeward ride, an invisible barrier cut off his flow of confidence, and without the herd to occupy his mind, his forebodings grew more distressing still. Yet that invisible barrier still held him away, and a dozen times when he parted his lips to ask a leading question, he closed them without speaking.

Of late years he and his father had found short cuts to each other's confidence, and conversed with a freedom that made conversation a keen pleasure, yet today they rode wearily on mile after mile with scarcely a word.

That something preyed on his father's mind, and had preyed on it for days past, Ben had no doubt whatever. What that something might be, he was forbidden to ask—forbidden as emphatically as though he heard the words with his ears; and he looked from his fine trappings to the over-worked horses, and felt mocked by the whole scene.

Fred Rojer's tender love for his son had ever been surrounded by limits of dignity and majesty, over which the son never ventured to go without invitation. That invitation became conspicuous by its absence on this ride by way of Long Flat, for it came neither by word nor soul-feeling that day at all.

Evening found them camped in a cave on the eastward slope of the Ridge. Ben insisted on preparing supper, and their bed on springy pine twigs, and after the meal they sat staring meditatively into the red coals.

Their fewness of words must not be mistaken to mean ill-will, nor disagreement between them; each felt a soul-assurance of the other's fond attachment. That attachment had grown firm and strong by years of fatigue and hardship. It had become a mighty passion, claiming indulgence on every occasion; and now, to indulge this immortal desire, in a dear old familiar way, Fred Rojer



*"In a putrid heap on the sand."*

raised his eyes from the fire and said simply, "I love you, son."

Those words, always sweet to Ben, like the kindest tones of the great Intangible, came now so nearly releasing his tongue and his tears, that he probably would have launched straight into the heart of the dark situation, but he waited to quiet his twitching lips. While he waited, his father began the hymn so dear to them:

\* "Earth with her ten thousand flowers."

That hymn seemed to characterize their feelings when they camped alone, and if ever it were sung inappropriately to the occasion, Ben didn't recognize the inappropriate element. Fred Rojer may have chosen it from among other songs because he preferred it to them, but Ben loved it as a sweet story of times gone

by—he hugged it to himself as an essential part of his father's kind influence, and he felt it his duty and privilege to join in with his alto whenever the song began. So far as he could tell, the tune and words suited every occasion exactly, and floating away from their lonely fire, they sanctified many an echoing cave and desolate camp-ground.

That song fitted wonderfully well into the cave on the eastward slope of the Ridge, and left father and son full of the reverence which silence alone can express. Into the poetry or the notes or the meter, they read an abundance of feeling and sentiment, and when the last verse closed softly and reverently with the sentence: "God is love," and when the sound floated mildly away beyond the dim cedars into the still darkness of night, to have spoken too soon would have desecrated the hallowed silence. Besides that, young Rojer's lips trembled too convulsively to admit of speech, and silence reigned while they prepared for rest.

When Fred Rojer sank on his pillow, he yawned and heaved the same sigh of relief that Ben had heard after many a hard day's ride, and then added, as he had often done before, "One day nearer the end."

There are times when the keen stress of necessity goads us up from the lethargy of our deafness—times when our inward selves start from their sleep and look fearfully around. When Ben Rojer sat on the bed to remove his boots, his very soul harked with open-mouthed effort—leaned eagerly out into the whispering hush for words which the all-knowing Intangible might even now be saying to his dull ears. He *would* hear something. If it came not in audible sound, then he would search it out and grasp it from the deep silence.

Into young Rojer's listening mind of intensity his father's words came like a message of heavy import. He turned anxiously around, saw the head on the pillow and the relaxed hands on the cover, but though his lips parted he continued to undress without a word.

Doubt and hope soften the way to our sternest realities. We doubt the worst and hope for the best, and pass by easy grades over wide extremes of fortune. "One day nearer the end." After all, it might refer only to the end of the trip, or, perhaps that indefinite time to which it had referred during six years. No difference; it left a troubled echo in Ben's mind, and kept him awake a long, long time. He tried to frame an excuse, or find the courage or the soul-permission to mention it, but calling a tired man up from his sleep to discuss what might have been discussed before, seemed a stupid thing to do.

If the Intangible said anything further that night, it sang a funeral dirge in the dark shades of cedar and juniper near their

cave. Ben thought of his father as there beside him, yet far away—near to him and in reach of his embrace, only like the two horses were near when something had declared them beyond recall.

While young Rojer listened wearily to the hoot of an owl, he saw Soorowits and Toorah again; he saw Stripes and Bowse and Josh; he saw Montana and old Spy, and the three days of rain. All these things came without his bidding. He went through the whole round of his Pagahrit experience, from the dry bones at Greenwater, to the soon-to-be-dry bones at Little Mountain; and in it all, like a dream of departed pleasure, he saw his father as the great feature in every situation. He saw the kind face restraining him from rash acts; he heard the kind voice encouraging and blessing him, and singing the spirit of truth which words alone may hardly convey. From the old log meetinghouse, from Lake Gulch and Peavine, and many a lonely cave and distant camp, the words and songs and prayers came echoing back, like the words and deeds of a departed loved one.

Twice in the stillness he started up, resolved in spite of everything to awaken his father and talk it over; and twice he encountered that barrier which held him off, even from the sleeping man.

With early dawn Ben pulled on his fine boots, recently a source of pride but now the more a mock because of their beauty and shapeliness, and hunted the horses while his father prepared breakfast. By sunrise they followed the trail again, riding through the same mist of silence which made yesterday's task a heavy one.

One may ride there hours at a stretch and see nothing but the standing or fallen trees immediately around him. A raise, therefore, affording a look at the distance, is a place of new inspiration. When Fred Rojer and his son mounted with their weary beasts, on to the hill and along the shelf known as Katie's Dugway, the scene, embracing the distant cliffs of the San Juan, seemed by its inspiration to break the long spell they had been under.

"Son, did it ever occur to you," asked the father, "that we are acting out a program arranged for us a long time ago?"

"How do you mean?" queried Ben, recognizing a glad break in the long monotony.

"I mean that there are certain turns and changes in our earthly career, which seem to be scheduled to come whether we will or not."

"Why? Do you know of something scheduled for you?" young Rojer enquired anxiously, finding voice and liberty for his feelings.

"Yes, I think I do."

"What is it?" the son almost gasped. Something was coming—something different to anything yet.

"You're more of a man than you used to be," Fred Rojer began calmly, "I make bold to tell you things which you couldn't have heard, at one time, and I'm pleased with your view of all my teachings so far. Now I'm going to tell you something else, and I shall expect you to receive it with the same good sense and judgment you have used heretofore." Their eyes met squarely. "This is my last, son; I'll never cross Clay Hill again."

"But—how? Why?" Ben faltered, half dazed, recalling at once what he seemed to hear on the rock-knoll.

"Well, as I suggested, there are turns and changes in our affairs, that were arranged long ago. Our trip through the world was ordered to be just as profitable to us as it might be, by beginning at a certain time and place, passing through certain situations, and ending at a certain time and under certain conditions. And sometimes we are told of the turn just ahead that we may make the most of it."

"Where will you go now? What are you going to do?"

"Son, this matter is sacredly confidential. I'm telling you because you are a part of me—my shadow in poverty and tribulation these six years. I must leave you. I am drawing near to the end of my trip."

Ben looked silently into the loving face, now more lovable than at any time in those eventful six years. The first part of his premonition was clear—painfully clear.

"Yes, son," the father went on, "I have watched over you since you were a little child, and you have been more to me than you supposed." He turned his face away and winked his eyes determinedly. "I felt a great deal of pride in your development from a tiny snip of a boy to your present stalwart size. You have leaned on me and loved me, and I have leaned on you, but the time is near when you must stand alone. It is necessary to your development. Providence seems to have arranged periods when we struggle on without help. I entered that period years ago."

"Ever since yesterday-morning I've wanted to talk about this very thing," said Ben huskily, feeling nothing of the old restraint.

"I knew it, son, but I couldn't," and Fred Rojer looked away again. "Besides, if I had told you, the first thing yesterday morning, you wouldn't have remembered like you will now after having waited so long. We are generally in too much of a stupor when the main thing happens. I don't mean to charge you with being unduly stupid, but even now you can't remember all I want to say between here and home. My words will come echoing back to you as long as you live on earth."

Ben listened and asked questions, and took no note of the miles that slipped under them. He saw in his father's bright, clear eyes, a fulness of feeling which out-shone anything of its

kind in the past. The same great soul which in Lake Gulch had looked at him and said without words, "Oh my son! my son!" looked again and said greater things, and spoke of manhood and the immortal riches which never perish. It spoke of the undying love of soul for soul—the love which formed an eternal link between this father and son.

The remaining twenty-five miles of the trip made reviews of the past, and plans for the future. At one time the bearded lips said: "We have made the raffle—the debts are all paid, and we are fully ripe for the change." At another: "I'm glad you have Jud's company; you'll find him a true friend, a man to depend upon."

They made a great effort to give the home-coming the same glad character it had ever had; they met each loved-one as if no sad cloud hung over them.

### *Chapter XVI—A Voice Still Calling.*

Busy days followed that home-coming. Ben and his father labored in their might to prepare the household for winter, by supplying provisions and fire-wood, and looking to the needs of each loved one.

Their task was scarcely finished when a slight ailment confined Fred Rojer to the house, and then to his bed. It came about all naturally enough, apparantly the result of old causes; and the devoted circle of friends felt no alarm for more than a week. Their only uneasiness came from the sick man's lack of hopes for himself.

But Fred Rojer did not give way to despair, as a man who sees nothing ahead; he simply expressed no desire or expectation of recovery. Sometimes he seemed to improve, and hope rose slightly in the minds of enquiring friends, but always he sank lower than before, dragging their hopes with him. And as he drooped, and grew more feeble from day to day, Ben was at his bed-side more regularly; till at length the youth scarcely left at all—watching like a fixture, the ebbing flow of his father's life. And the father watched too, when not distracted with pain, and noted how the malady cut away the tissues which once made him strong and vigorous.

Oh those long, long, days and longer nights, when sleep had flown from that suffering bed! Sometimes talking became a relief, and sometimes a burden which the father avoided. For hours and hours together he wanted simply to hold Ben's hands, and look quietly into the strong young face, or try to beguile himself to sleep. When he became talkative, young Rojer perceived



it at once, and roused himself to become as interesting as possible.

"Do you still hear the voice, Pa? Is there any joyful whispering now?" Ben once asked.

"Yes son, I still hear the voice—I still have hope. The joy born of grief is the sweetest of all. Of course, when I'm distracted with pain, I know only the pain. You see if the bitter were made sweet, it would fail of its mission to teach us the value of sweet. With every breathing spell, as this ordeal progresses I am assured of the light beyond it. With those ears, of which I have told you, I hear sweet voices that comfort me and brace me up to meet all the necessary torture.

"Oh tell me everything, Pa. I've never been more ready to hear every word you might say."

"I can't say just how soon, but I shall surely pass out of this world, and it will be a timely and fitting change. You are budding into manhood, and you long for the full power and development of that condition; I am maturing my labors among mortal men, and I look forward with great anticipation to another world, and hosts of other friends. Son, I know of that other world, I have assurances of it which you are not yet able to hear. You'll join me there after awhile, and when I meet you, I want to meet a man—not a thing—a true man, who has stood every test the Lord prepared. My greatest worry is for you; of course, I shall suffer more pain, but my work is too nearly finished to fail. You have years of earth ahead of you yet, and those years will be as full of temptation as the past has been, yet I shall not be near to restrain you. You'll stand alone to succeed or fail on your own merits."

"But won't you come if I'm in great danger?"

"I can't promise. I'll remember you always. If I could—I suppose I'd help you out of all your troubles, but I was left alone, and it is likely you will be."

"What is it you most fear in me?"

Your temper. And son, you're proud; when you get your full strength, I tremble for what you may do. And you're a hater—you like revenge. I have watched these dangerous tendencies all these years, and now that I am going away, I tell you plainly what they are, and warn you to watch them. They are your enemies, and you must go up against them alone."

Ben heard these things, and many more, like a man hears when he is stupid from want of sleep; but they found lodgment in his mind, and in calmer days he sought them out with care, and cherished them as precious words.

In all the long period of watching, young Rojer felt no desire to tell what he had seemed to foresee; for while life remained, the

soul-communion continued, inviting certain things and repelling others, and he understood and respected it to the last.

Towards the end, when the dim eyes and toiling soul depended on the hand-grip for communion, there was little said. And then at last, like the bright light which breaks clearly through the dark clouds after we thought the sun below the horizon, those eyes opened clearly and resolutely, and the bearded lips moved again:

"Now, son, remember what I've said."

The communion ceased. The tired eyes fell peacefully shut, and the dear old hands relaxed their loving grip. Fred Rojer was no longer there. No, the form remained somewhat the same but the glorious, immortal something, that had looked at Ben through those now closed eyes—the sacred intelligence that drew him as a magnet and communed with his soul without words, it was gone—gone silently and invisibly away into the great unknown.

The house swarmed with friends eager to give every possible assistance, and to them Ben left the rest. He could do no more, his soul was full to overflowing with the whole lingering scene.

In spite of our warnings and our consolation, death still leaves a sting, and its tidings fall on to the mind with a painful misfit. Young Rojer could hardly adjust his soul to the change—could hardly conceive that nowhere in the whole extent of earth might be found that friend upon whom he had leaned as the more reliable part of himself.

Where he wandered, or what the hour of night, made little difference to him. He knew in a subconscious way that the night was dark and still, that a solitary cricket chirped lonesomely from somewhere in the garden, and that the stars had a far-away glimmer above, with the big dipper in place among them; but all those things knocked vainly at the door of his attention.

"I must meet it alone," he whispered, "already alone—and Soorowits will come out of the distance and do some terrible thing."

(This thrilling story of life on the ranges of the Pagahrit region in southern Utah, will be continued in ten chapters, IMPROVEMENT ERA, Vol. 17, beginning Nov. 1, 1913.)

## **"Is it Loose?"**

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BY DR. CHARLES L. OLSEN

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An old Scotchman, now deceased, who was almost totally deaf, but a faithful, unassuming Latter-day Saint, possessing the gift of healing to a remarkable degree, used to ask the above quoted question, almost invariably, before engaging in administering to the sick.

Entering the room where, for instance, the mother, awaiting the arrival of the elders, sat with her sick child in her arms, this venerable old man, so full of faith and sympathy, with outstretched hands would most imploringly say to the anxious parent: "Aye, aye, sister, is it loose—is it loose, between thee and the Lord?" The meaning was clear.

One whose daily duties call him to the bedside of the sick has ample opportunity to observe how very few indeed could unqualifiedly answer the grave question in the affirmative, when a dear one is suffering from disease, or is racked with pain.

It is sad to see a fellow-being confined to his bed of affliction. Naturally, the fight for life is the most desperate imaginable; and, as a rule, no means are spared in order to gain the victory. Life must be sweet and worth the living to most of us, judging from the tenacity with which the average mortal clings to his earthly tabernacle.

Most civilized people dread the separation from loved ones, through death, or, rather, the transition from this life to another. With many, even the thought is well-nigh unbearable. And in this regard, strange to say, the strongest and otherwise most intrepid are often the weakest and most timorous, when the test comes.

Faith in an overruling Providence—that "gift of God"—is often nowadays sidetracked instead of supplemented by the knowledge and skill of trained physicians and surgeons. And when these ministering angels are employed to look after a case of sickness or injury, those employing them do so with the implied expectation that perfect restoration shall follow—there should be no ifs or buts about that.

As time goes on and knowledge fills the earth "as the waters cover the sea," there is, apparently, a tendency—at least among those possessing a smattering of secular learning—to become more and more independent of any unseen power. Erudition, self-

sufficiency, and the modern "business" spirit replace, to a great extent, the old-time, humble, child-like reliance on the Father, the Giver of good things (Matt. 7, 11), the source of life and the fountain of health.

In times past, Satan was blamed for everything that did not go exactly to our liking—in case of sickness, for instance. And many there are now, especially among those who are strong, physically, spiritually, or both, who, when called upon to exercise "faith" in behalf of a sick fellow-being, go at it in "business" fashion, challenging, as it were, the arch enemy and assuming an attitude of defiance at nature, or nature's workings, demand nothing short of an absolute surrender of the intruder—disease.

There are, in fact, not many who, like our Scotch brother, put the question fairly and squarely, "is it loose?" No doubt too many of us, when imploring divine aid, say in our hearts like Luther said, when about to engage on his matrimonial venture: "Thy will be done, O Lord, but give me my Catherine."

Trusting in man and making flesh their arm, overestimating the truly wonderful achievements in medicine and surgery, and depending mainly on human skill, with its subtle agencies for good, some may fancy that death, ere long, no more shall reap its harvest among the children of men.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it must follow, however, that the greater the advances in medical skill, the more people must die, literally and inevitably so. Why? Because medical science, surgery and all inventions the human mind can possibly bring forth,—working together for the good of mankind—can never accomplish more than to prolong life—to postpone the time of death, so-called.

Death has always claimed its greatest contingent from the ranks of infants and children in general; but more of these precious lives may now, or hereafter, by timely aid and proper living, be spared to grow up to manhood and womanhood and—according to the laws of nature—to propagate their species, as an allwise Creator intended. Hence, inasmuch as more people might be born (if fashion will permit), more, necessarily, will have to die, since all men *must* die—or be "changed in the twinkling of an eye."

Meanwhile, the faithful know that, "the Lord is righteous in all his ways," and they may take comfort in the thought that one sparrow, even, "shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

MURRAY, UTAH

(Essays on many topics, religious, ethical, social, and economic, will appear in Vol. 17, IMPROVEMENT ERA.)

# The M. I. A. Contests

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BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY

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## *II—Story Telling*

The general purpose of these contests in story telling is, of course, to develop in our young men and women the power to impress an audience with the truth or main thought of a story.

The liking for a good story well told is universal. This is true whether the story be written or spoken, but especially if it be spoken. The world has always liked the story and, it is safe to say, always will. In general, the reason lies in the fact that the story has what is called suspense, keeps you guessing as to what's coming, that it is concrete, dealing with things and persons rather than abstract ideas, and that it aims to give us an interpretation of life, to help us to understand what the push of things means. But however we are to account for it, there is no disputing the fact of this universal interest in the story.

Everywhere one has use for the story, long or short. In the social circle the story-teller is popular. In the class room, who is more welcome than the one that can start the attention and keep it up with a well-told, "Once on a time?" Even an address becomes clearer and more entertaining when its ideas are illustrated by a pointed anecdote. And some people, men and women, make a living by telling stories. So, whatever you do in life, you will have need for the gift of the story-teller.

And yet the person that can tell a good story well is comparatively rare. We Latter-day Saints have neglected this great art. We have had more need of it than other people, but we have not seen its high value for our particular purposes. Thanks, however, to the Sunday School and to the compelling nature of children, we are fortunately coming to something like an appreciation of this story telling art. Moreover, we are a teaching and a preaching people, and since this art is of the greatest necessity to the teacher and the preacher, there is every reason for the cultivation of this art among us. As a people we have, too, a greater amount of raw material for stories than any other community, and it is waiting for the story-teller with his art of the pen and the tongue. May he soon appear!

There is a general impression that there is no particular need to study the art of story telling. One reason given for this idea is that the story telling gift is born in one. Well, maybe it is.

But is that any reason why it should not be cultivated? Suppose one has a gift for music. Is he therefore not to learn the musical scale, not to train the voice, not to go near a musical instrument? Is there any one so utterly lost to reason and common sense as to advocate such folly? And yet there are those who would have us believe that an art in which fewer people excel needs no study, no cultivation! Have you a natural gift in story telling? Then cultivate it with the same assiduity that you would if you had a gift in music, in teaching, or in painting. Do you lack the storyteller's gift? Then cultivate the art of story telling that you may be able to tell a story passing well. For in all art, while the higher powers of it cannot be imparted by any amount of training, still there are a great many things about it that can be absorbed by any who will work to get them. Certainly, one who cannot distinguish one tune from another may be said to lack the musical gift, and yet there are those that have been thus giftless who have learned to sing fairly well. Besides, trying to learn the principles of any art, always increases one's appreciation of anything involving that art.

There are three sorts of story telling. You may choose a story already written, learn it by heart, word for word, and interpret it before the public. That is called reading or declamation. Or, secondly, you may select a story already written, and give it in public in your own words, following, of course the order of development found in the author. This is story telling proper, as it is understood in our work. Or, thirdly, you may choose a subject, write it out yourself, memorize it, and give it in public, or, as in the second, tell it in such words as may come to you at the time. This is an original story. This distinction should be kept in mind in all story telling contests, not only because it helps the judges but also because it aids the one who is preparing for the contest.

The first thing to be considered in all these kinds of stories is the selection of the story itself, or the idea underlying the story. If the story is original, then the worth of the fundamental idea in it will be estimated. The ultimate worth of a story, like the ultimate worth of everything else, is mostly ethical and moral. It is true that Edgar Allen Poe believed that the whole value of a story lies in the art with which it is told, but Poe's view of life, like his nature and disposition, was warped and twisted. There is really no such value as is implied in the phrase "art for art's sake." There must be something embodied in the art, else there can be no art. One would take small enjoyment in a doughnut all made up of hole, no matter how artfully it had been put together! The truth is, that some ideas are better than others, some truths more important than other truths. One test of basic

ideas in stories is their universality of appeal. That is, an idea which appeals to all classes of people is worth more, other things remaining the same, than an idea which appeals only to one class. Another test lies in the intrinsic value of the idea. Thus a mere love story may have a universal appeal, but a love story in which the redeeming power of love is shown would have a higher value than one that has a merely sensuous appeal. Hawthorne's *The Great Stone Face*, a story that shows how one is gradually moulded into the form of one's ideal, is therefore a greater story by reason of its fundamental idea than O. Henry's *Ransom of Red Chief*, which aims to show that kidnappers may be willing to pay for getting rid of the one they have kidnapped, if he is a mischievous boy, instead of being paid for returning him.

If the story be one chosen to declaim or to retell, it is the ability to choose valuable and appropriate stories that counts. To make use of a silly or a vulgar or cheap story would be to invite adverse criticism from the judges, to begin with. So, on the contrary, the selection of a pleasing and worthy story would be to insure a favorable reception not only from the audience but also from the judges. In a word, then, if you are to retell a story, or give a reading of one, be sure to choose a story that has this double value: universal interest, one that will at least entertain your audience, and intrinsic beauty and truth. A story is not necessarily dull because it is true, or necessarily of no value if it is interesting.

So much for the selection of the story and the fundamental idea of the story. What for the rest?

In the story that is to be retold these are the points most looked for: The story should not be learned by heart, but in giving it the order of development of the author ought to be closely followed. The words used in the retelling should be the contestant's own. The best way to do this is to know what the story as a whole means. What is the main thought, the point to be brought out, the meaning of it? That is always the first thing. After this is settled, then find out each step by which this meaning or point is expressed. Since the time at the disposal of the contestant is short, a story should be chosen which will not require a great deal of cutting. In fact, the less cutting, the better. *Silas Marner*, for example, is too long for the purposes of such a contest as this. So is any whole-book story. Even some short stories are too long. The art of pruning some one else's masterpiece is an art to which few who are not masters should aspire—it is too difficult and thankless. It is the details, remember, that make a story interesting and effective.

The story that is to be given as a declamation must of course be learned by heart and given in the words of the author. A good way to do this is to get the thought well in hand first, then the words will come of themselves. Never try to commit mere

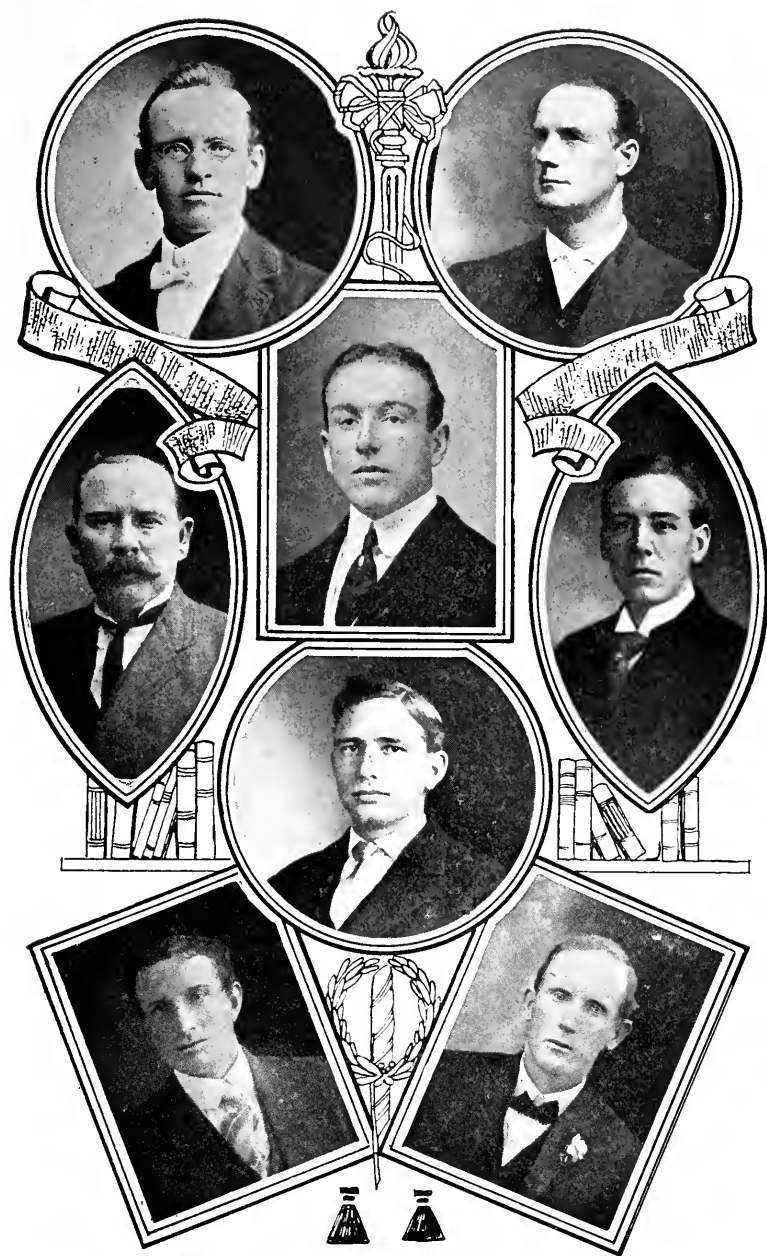
words to memory. Your work is higher than that which a parrot is able to do. You are expected to interpret the story for your audience. But you cannot do this unless you have first interpreted it to yourself.

The original story, as stated, has to be written first. Now, in writing a story two things are to be kept in mind. The first is the structure of the story. By structure we mean architecture, the way its ideas are put together. There must be a point, and this point must be reached in a definite manner, by definite steps. There must be a story, the story must go somewhere, and it must go in such a way that the reader or hearer can see that it is going. It has usually but one incident. Moreover it goes to the point by means of the fewest possible details. There must be no digressions, nothing introduced for itself alone. The story should go straight to the point, and end when it gets there. That, in brief, is what structure means. Then, secondly, there is what is called style, the way the words are put together. The story falls into paragraphs, which fall into sentences, which again fall into words. All these have certain definite rules and principles. If you don't know them, by all means learn them before you attempt to write a short story. On the whole, the style of a short story should be simple and natural. Don't strain for effects. If you do, you are sure not to get them, and if you don't strain for them they may come of themselves.

As for the delivery of the story, the same general suggestions will serve for all three classes. Speak loud enough for all your audience to hear. Utter your words with distinctness. Pronounce all your words correctly. If you have the least doubt of the pronunciation of a word, look it up in the dictionary. If the story have dialogue, try to make your audience realize not only who is speaking, but also the character of the persons speaking.

("Public Speaking," is the title of the next article in this series.)





# SUPERINTENDENTS Y. M. M. I. A.

Top row, left to right: M. C. Phelps, Maricopa stake, Arizona; Hopkin B. Campbell, Cache stake, Utah; second row: David H. Morris, St. George stake, Utah; George S. Heiner, Morgan stake, Utah; George Q. Morris, Salt Lake stake, Utah; bottom row: Morris J. Hale, Star Valley stake, Wyoming; Jesse P. Rich, Bear Lake stake, Idaho; Norman C. Curtis, North Sanpete stake, Utah.

# The Loss of True Christianity

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BY WILLIAM EVANS, SUPERINTENDENT Y. M. M. I. A., YOUNG STAKE

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In a recent sermon delivered at Lancaster, Pa., Pastor Russell, discussing the proposition that people will no longer attend divine service to hear gospel preaching, gives the following, in his opinion, as the reasons therefor:

“(1) The church lost the real gospel during the Dark Ages and few Christian people have yet recovered it. The word gospel, as all agree, signifies good tidings, a message of joy; but the message handed down to humanity from the Dark Ages has been the reverse of this—bad tidings of great misery for nearly all of our race. Is it any wonder that the great majority are disgusted with the horrible misrepresentations of the creeds?

“(2) Responding to the growing sentiment of intelligence, the ministers of the various denominations of Christendom have ceased to preach bad tidings of great misery for all but ‘the very elect’. Nearly all the ministers, graduated within the last twenty years, lost all their faith in the Bible as the inspired word of God, in the theological seminaries, where they were taught unbelief, under the name of higher criticism. Under these conditions what shall these ministers preach instead of the gospel of Christ, which they no longer believe? Is it any wonder that they preach those things that they ought not to preach, and leave unpreached those things that they ought to preach? Not many of their hearers care for scientific disquisitions; not many of them care to hear common place essays on good morals. So how can such ministers avoid foolish preaching?

“(3) Not content with undermining the faith of the people who trust and honor and obey them, these ministers mix their higher critical and evolutionary views with diluted morality and serve this instead of the gospel of Christ.”

This in the main is what Latter-day Saints have declared during the past 80 years, and it is somewhat refreshing to hear a sectarian minister state and argue our case so clearly.

We admit with alacrity, and with sorrow born of a desire for the welfare of the human race, that the proposition first stated by Mr. Russell that “The church lost the real gospel,” is true. We insist that the indictment is proven, first, in the light of prophecy—which is history reversed—both ante-apostolic and apostolic; and, secondly, in the light of ecclesiastical history, or in the record of

events which transpired in the Christian church previous to, during, and since the so-called Dark Ages.

For our present purpose, not desiring to go into the facts of the loss of Divine truth, we will hasten on and admit the truth of the second part of Mr. Russell's first indictment which states that few Christian people have yet recovered the gospel of Christ. And, admitting the balance of the pastor's statement as truth, we will carry the point a little farther and proclaim that few people will ever recover the gospel of Christ unless the plan of salvation is preached in its fulness and simplicity, and individuals yield obedience to laws embodied in that plan. It is primarily through the lack of this that the world lost the real gospel.

Furthermore, the gospel of Jesus Christ is a divine institution, and through attempting to substitute human logic in place of divine guidance, confusion and lost truth resulted.

Are we then doomed to despair? Is truth banished from the earth forever? No. Thanks to the mercy of an allwise and eternal God, there is a way so simple that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." Though the entire Christian world, clergy and laity, priest and people depart from the "real gospel" and "few of them recover it," truth is on the earth.

In Acts 5 an account is given of the second imprisonment of Peter for proclaiming the divine mission of Christ. Being brought before the council, Peter, and the apostles imprisoned with him, were asked why they persisted in preaching Jesus Christ when they had been forbidden to do so by this same council. In answering, Peter exclaimed: "We are witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him."

A double proposition is stated here. The testimony of the Divinity of Christ, and the means of acquirement by others—the witness of the Holy Ghost, in and through obedience. This, then, is the secret of the "recovery of the real gospel." First, obedience to the laws of the gospel, and then comes the witness of the Holy Ghost. Simple. Yet, with all its simplicity, the "church lost the real gospel" and "few Christians have yet recovered it." What, then, are the means of recovery? Obedience. And, as obedience is defined as submission, and as submission in this instance means to submit to the laws embodied in the gospel of Christ, we can safely assume that the loss referred to is the result of a failure to submit, or obey.

Briefly, then, the church, *i. e.*, the Christian world, has "lost the real gospel" in and through non-submission to the very requirements upon which salvation is predicated. This is a pretty strong implication to hurl upon Christians in general, but we are not making it. It remains for a pastor of the Christian world to

make the charge, and an ancient apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ supplies the remedy—obedience.

At this stage another element enters into the situation—the impossibility of obedience to an injunction or requirement unless it is known. Paul says, in his Epistle to the Romans, “and how shall they believe in whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?” And in the next verse he continues, “But they have not all obeyed the gospel.”

Again, briefly, the proposition submitted by Paul is this: The “preacher” must be sent; *i. e.*, he must be endowed with authority, in order that his acts be valid before the throne of grace. He must preach the gospel of Christ and, perforce, all its requirements. In turn, the people must obey.

Logically, then, if the world has “lost the true gospel” in that loss is embodied the loss of the above principles. And reasoning along the same lines, the recovery of the “true gospel” must be accomplished by means of those same principles. Here, then, is food for thought for mankind.

Referring again to “the church,” with its numerous Christian churches, their millions of communicants, and only few “have recovered the true gospel,” the great majority have yet to accept the principles enumerated above.

Proceeding, the gospel having been divinely given to man, and in course of time, through various causes, lost to man, the recovery must, perforce, take place through divine interposition. For a thing divinely given, then lost, can only through divine means be restored.

More food for thought for those who desire the “recovery” of the “true gospel.”

Now as to the recovery (Latter-day Saints are pleased to call it the restoration): Joseph Smith, Jr., proclaimed to the world that he had received divine visitations. He, being but fourteen years of age, could have understood but little regarding the necessity of a restoration (recovery) of the gospel. He could not possibly, owing to his immature years, have come to the conclusion reached by Pastor Russell regarding the loss of the true gospel, and thus time his declarations of divine visitations to the necessity of the times. It was through answer to simple, child-like faith and prayer that the heavens were opened.

In course of time, others believed his story, and they, too, with him, were the recipients of visits of holy beings who had possessed the “true gospel” and the powers thereof in former days, and were given the powers which we have shown must be restored through divine means. With these powers of the gospel were given the truths pertaining to salvation. With this divine message Joseph Smith went before the world, promising that

those who would obey the gospel plan should receive a direct testimony of its truthfulness.

Hundreds and thousands of people investigated the claims for this restored gospel and found that its principles coincided with the teachings of the Master. Accepting its requirements, they received a fulfilment of the promise of a knowledge of the truth, and gained the assurance so much desired.

Here, then, was a preacher who was sent, having a divine commission. Here also, were they that believed, having heard, and through obedience had become witnesses through the witness of the Holy Ghost, as declared by Peter. (Acts 5: 32.)

Thus is the plan of recovery unfolded to our view, and how potent are the words of the Savior, "He that doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine."

FRUITLAND, NEW MEXICO

(In Volume 17, IMPROVEMENT ERA, beginning November 1, each issue will contain a pertinent and upbuilding gospel talk.)

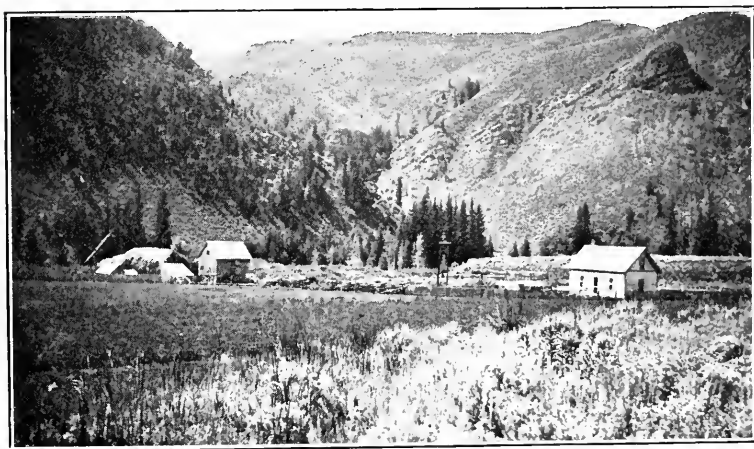


Photo by Howard B. Anderson.  
THE JEREMY RANCH, UINTAH RESERVATION.

Located at the junction of Wolf Creek and the West Fork of the Duchesne River.

# Choosing a Vocation

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BY FRANK PINGREE.

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The time will come when there will be institutions for determining the natural bent of the boy or girl; when men of large experience and close observation will study the natural inclination of the youth, help him find where his greatest strength lies and how to use it to the best advantage. Such institutions would help boys and girls to start in their proper careers early in life; and *an early choice shortens the way*. Can anything be more important to human beings than a start in life in the right direction, where even small effort will count for more in the race than the greatest effort—and a life of drudgery—in the wrong direction? A man is seldom unsuccessful, unhappy, or vicious when he is in his place.

"Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing."—*Sydney Smith*.

"He that hath a trade hath an estate."—*Franklin*.

"Nature fits all her children with something to do."—*Lowell*.

As occupations and professions have a powerful influence upon the length of human life, the youth should first ascertain whether the vocation he thinks of choosing is a healthful one.

The occupation of the mind has a great influence upon the health of the body.

There is no occupation so dangerous and destructive to life but that plenty of human beings can be found to engage in it. Of all the instances that can be given of recklessness of life, there is none that exceeds that of the workmen employed in what is called drypointing—the grinding of needles and table forks. The fine steel dust which they breathe brings on a painful disease, of which they are almost sure to die before they are forty. Yet not only are men tempted by high wages to engage in this employment, but they resist to the utmost all contrivances devised for the diminishing of danger through fear that such things would cause more workmen to offer themselves and thus lower wages.

We will probably find more old men on farms than elsewhere. There are many reasons why farmers should live longer than persons residing in cities, or than those engaged in other occupations.

Aside from the purer air, the outdoor exercise, both conducive to a good appetite and sound sleep which comparatively few in cities enjoy, they are free from the friction, harassing cares, anxieties and the keen competition incident to city life.

There is no doubt that aspiration and success tend to prolong life. Prosperity tends to longevity, if we do not wear life away or burn it out in the feverish pursuit of wealth.

Among miners in some sections over six hundred out of every thousand die from consumption. In the prisons of Europe, where the fatal effect of bad air and filth are shown, over sixty-one per cent of the deaths are from tuberculosis. According to a long series of investigations by Drs. Benoysten & Lombard into occupations or trades where workers must inhale dust, it appears that mineral dust is the most detrimental to health, animal dust ranking next, and vegetable dust third.

In choosing an occupation, cleanliness, pure air, sunlight and freedom from corroding dust and poisonous gases, are of the greatest importance. A man who would sell a year of his life for any amount of money would be considered insane, and yet we deliberately choose occupations and vocations which statistics and physicians tell us will be practically sure to cut off from five to twenty-five, thirty, or even forty years of our lives, and are seemingly perfectly indifferent to our fate.

There is danger in a calling which requires great expenditure of vitality at long, irregular intervals. He who is not regularly, or systematically employed incurs perpetual risk. Dr. Patten, chief surgeon at the National Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, Ohio, says that "of the five thousand soldiers in that institution, fully eighty per cent are suffering from heart disease in one form or other, due to the forced physical exertions of the campaigns."

Vigorous thought must come from a fresh brain. We cannot expect nerve, snap, robustness and vigor, elasticity in the speech, from an exhausted, jaded brain. The brain is one of the last organs of the body to reach maturity (at about the age of twenty-eight) and should never be overworked, especially in youth. The whole future of a man is often ruined by over-straining the brain in school.

As a rule, physical vigor is the condition of a great career.

What would Gladstone have accomplished with a weak, puny physique? He addresses an audience in Corfu, in Greek; and another at Florence, in Italian. A little later he converses at ease with Bismarck, in German, or talks fluent French, in Paris, or piles argument on argument in English, for hours, in Parliament.

Select a clean, useful, honorable occupation. If there is any doubt on this point, abandon it at once, for familiarity with a bad business will make it seem good. Choose an occupation which will develop you; which will elevate you; which will give you a chance

for self-improvement and promotion. You may not make quite so much money, but you will be more of a man, and manhood is above all riches, oversteps all titles; and character is greater than any career. If possible avoid occupations that compel you to work in a cramped position, or where you must work at night and on Sunday. Don't try to justify yourself that someone must do this work. Let "Somebody," not yourself, take the responsibility. Aside from the right and wrong of the thing, it is injurious to the health to work seven days in the week, to work at night when nature intended you to sleep, or to sleep in the daytime when she intended you to work. Many a man has dwarfed his manhood, cramped his intellect, crushed his aspiration, blunted his finer sensibilities, in some mean, narrow occupation just because there was money in it.

"Study yourself," says Longfellow, "and most of all note well wherein kind nature meant you to excel."

Dr. Matthews says that "to no other cause, perhaps, is failure in life so frequently to be traced as to a mistaken calling."

How many men have been made ridiculous for life by choosing law, or medicine, or theology, simply because they are honorable professions? These men might have been respectable farmers or merchants, but are "Nobodies" in such vocations. Thousands of youths receive an education that fits them for a profession which they have not the means or inclination to follow, and that unfits them for the conditions of life to which they were born. A large portion of Paris cabmen are unsuccessful students in theology and other professions, and also unfrocked priests. They are very bad cabmen.

Don't choose a profession or occupation because your father, or uncle, or brother, is in it. Don't choose a business because you inherit it, or because parents or friends want you to follow it. Don't choose it because others have made fortunes in it. Don't choose it because it is considered the proper thing and a "genteel" business. The mania for a genteel occupation, for a soft job, which eliminates drudgery, thorns, hardships, and all disagreeable things, and one which can be learned with very little effort, ruins many a youth.

Those who fail, as a rule are those who are out of their places. A man out of his place is but half a man; his very nature is perverted. He is working against his nature, rowing against the stream. When his strength is exhausted, he will float down with the current. A man can not succeed when his whole nature is entering its perpetual protest against his occupation. To succeed, his vocation must have the consent of all his faculties; they must be in harmony with his purpose.

"Do not, I beseech you," said Garfield, "be content to enter on any business that does not require and compel constant intel-



lectual growth." Choose upward, study the men in the vocation you think of adopting. Does it elevate those who follow it? Are they broad, liberal, intelligent, men? Or have they become mere appendages of their professions, living in a rut with no standing in the community, and of no use to it? Don't think you will be the great exception, and can enter a questionable vocation without being a creature of it. In spite of all your determination and will-power to the contrary, your occupation from the very law of association and habit, will seize you as in a vise, will mold you, shape you, fashion you, and stamp its inevitable impress upon you.

Beware of that frequently fatal gift, versatility.

Many a person misses being a great man by splitting into two middling ones. In attempting to gain a knowledge of half a hundred subjects he has mastered none. "The jack-of-all-trades," says one of the foremost manufacturers of this country, "had a chance in my generation. In this he has none."

"The measure of man's learning will be the amount of his voluntary ignorance," said Thoreau. If we go into a factory where the mariner's compass is made, we can see the needles before they are magnetized, they will point in any direction. But when they have been applied to the magnet, and received its peculiar power, from that moment they point to the north, and are true to the pole ever after. So man never points steadily in any direction until he has been polarized by a great master purpose.

Canon Farrar said, "There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is, not to be true to the best one knows."

"Whoever can make two ears of corn, two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before," says Swift, "would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

COALVILLE, UTAH

(From time to time, helpful articles on the nobility of work, and that will aid young men in the selection of their lives' vocations, will appear in Vol. 17, IMPROVEMENT ERA.)



LATTER-DAY SAINTS' CHAPEL, LOS ANGELES BRANCH, CALIFORNIA MISSION.

Dedicated by President Joseph F. Smith, on Sunday, May 4, 1913.



LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MISSION HOME,

Residence of the President of California Mission, Los Angeles, Cal.

# Securing Activity in Religious Work

BY GEORGE M. COPE

We assume that the "methods of securing activity" means the most practical or useable methods. Individuals differ as to the most feasible ways of gaining results, but when people interested in a special work come together, and, after discussing plans, decide upon lines to pursue, and earnestly follow those lines, with a view of doing good, results for improvement are sure to attend. Following a line of work is activity. Activity means life and growth; idleness means death or bodily and mental lethargy.

Take for example a good public speaker. At the beginning of his career, he may have possessed very little information and perhaps could scarcely give out what he had, but through steady and well directed efforts he has become able to present his ideas in a clear, logical, scholarly and convincing manner. Not through idleness, but through activity, through hours of earnest thought and planning. But the same hard work has been turned to joy. He is known as a strong man, and activity ought to be credited with giving the strength. What made President Wilford Woodruff such a power for good was his desire to do, his knowledge of the value of a soul, his trust in the Giver of All Good, and his faithful doing—his hard work. The Lord recognized his work, and added liberally to his already abundant talents.

As another example, take a skilled mechanic. If he is a European, his life after school was spent in hard work under direction of a master. Every detail was worked out and thoroughly understood. Long hours were spent, and tedious tasks performed. Work that he was familiar with and that he had already learned to do must be done over and over again to stamp his mind with its accomplishment. For years before his credentials were given, he had to show that not a part of the task was misunderstood. But did he gain excellence without toil and labor? Would he have acquired skill by uninterestedly spending time within the shop doors? It is work, actively and properly applied, that gained for him distinction in the mechanic's field.

Most of us have heard of the wrestler known as the "Russian Lion." He is a peer in physical strength and development, and has great powers of endurance. To uphold wrestling is not our aim, for there are more honorable vocations in which energy can be spent. The purpose is to prove that activity accomplishes endurance. To gain his strength and powers of holding out against

opponents, the "Lion" had to undergo a systematic course of training. His coaches saw to it that he took each and every day sufficient exercise, which is activity, to develop the muscles harmoniously and perfectly, and every try-out added strength. Proper habits were required to be observed so that the building up process was not offset by a tearing down. Massage treatments were applied to produce solid and firm muscles, and as a consequence of all this application, the man in question has tremendous powers of endurance. A store of strength is within his body to be drawn from in times of need. But such a store was not acquired by a life of ease and lounging in crowds of idlers. It was the activity that produced the power of endurance.

What is said of physical development can also be stated of intellectual and moral advancement. It is the activity along proper lines that brings the desired result. God intended everyone of his children to be active, and the scriptures are full of examples that show that we are expected to work. The following are passages in point:

"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it."

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work."

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of increase."

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, and when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."

"Get wisdom, get understanding."

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

"Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."

Our Church organization is designed to secure activity of all its members. In the early days of Utah there were not so many chances of giving all the people, young and old, opportunities to

gain knowledge and impart the same to others, but today there is no possible excuse for us not having a chance to take part in these things. We have the priesthood quorum meetings, the Sunday schools, the mutual improvement associations, the primaries, the religion classes and the relief societies, and in almost all of these, at the present time, a necessity exists for more instructors. For some organizations teachers have to be taken from others, thus doubling the work. If any are not teachers or officers, they may be class-members and take part in the discussions, and in so doing advance intellectually as well as spiritually. The members of the priesthood quorums meet once a week. All should prepare the lessons, and take part in the discussions, thereby building themselves up and preparing themselves to preach the gospel when called into the world. In the mutuals, debates are held, occasionally, and these are important factors in producing strong logicians. The plan of the work in the improvement associations is so broad that all classes from fourteen years to old age can take part and learn things that will be of everlasting benefit to them.

"The mutual improvement associations impress upon their membership not only the value of intellectual training, physical development and true religion, but also the need and value of good behavior, social purity, cleanliness in action and conversation and general social refinement. This organization is one of the great public forces in our community for the development of character among the young people."

The fact that we can attend these meetings and derive so many benefits ought to spur us on to take the most active part in them.

For those who are over six and under fourteen years of age, the religion classes furnish ample opportunities for a spiritual education and training, and it is important that this class of young people be active in attending and be well taught along the lines laid out. It is also important that the parents be concerned enough to induce their children to attend. Religious activity depends almost entirely upon the training and good impressions we get in our youth. If the training is well directed, the child will have a love for the work in which he was first taught.

The reason for the deep religious feeling of the north Europeans is that spiritual training is given in the public schools, and so thoroughly stamped upon the mind that a reverence for sacred things is shown ever afterward. This being true of the Protestant and Catholic beliefs, how much more apparent would it be if the true religion, as we understand it, be taught! Being prohibited by law from teaching religion in our institutions where the early scholastic training for the common people is received, how extra necessary it is that we work in the priesthood quorums

and religion classes! If every child of latter-day Saint parents and all the young people who are qualified, were to take part in the priesthood quorums, and religion classes, and practice what they learn there, our standard of morality and our influence for good would be proportionately greater.

There is still another line of activity that two thousand young men and some young ladies are constantly engaged in that is bringing credit to our people and to civilization generally, although hundreds will not recognize it. We refer now to the missionaries in foreign lands. They go away from their homes and earnestly dedicate their lives, time and means, to the preaching of the gospel, and in this way not only make themselves active, but also their families, brothers and sisters as well. Hundreds of mothers and fathers are earnestly praying that God will watch over and protect their sons, and as many mothers call their rosy-cheeked children together, night and morning, and pray that papa will be protected and assisted in his work in the mission field, and that some one will be inspired to give him bread. This is a line of activity to which we can point with pride. Many men jestingly remark, "A mission is a good thing to have had." True, but isn't it equally well to say, "A mission is a good thing to be having?" The religious activity after all is the thing that creates joy and happiness, and no missionary can be inactive and be happy. It is the doing that creates the pleasures, and the activity inspired by the missionary that makes hundreds of others happy. And testimony upon testimony can be given that the young man who is most active in the organizations at home, especially in priesthood quorums, mutual improvement associations, Sunday schools and religion classes, will be the most successful man in the mission field. Too much, therefore, cannot be done for the furtherance of missionary work, at home and abroad.

We come now to the discussion of "How can we induce children to perform moral acts and form moral resolutions and habits." The answers to this will also be varied as different men have procured different results in this regard. Speaking from my own experience, I can say that the power of example had almost everything to do with my moral training. Father made it a point to take us with him to help on the farm, to haul wood and rock, and to do other necessary work; and in all our associations with him he never used vulgar language. If he spoke sharply and saw that some one's feelings were hurt, he was ready to ask forgiveness. If a friend or neighbor offered him a drink of liquor he refused it. If tramps or beggars came to the door mother was requested to feed them. If mother was ill, or unable to do her household duties, he was ready to assist her. When we were asked to do a little job of work, we were given to understand that work came before pleasure, and whenever we had occasion to go

to a dance, party or other entertainment, we were accosted with the remark: "Now I want you boys to behave yourselves," and from our previous instructions, we were taught what behaving ourselves meant. In all of the years that we spent with him, however, he was careful not to overdo his instructions to us. Thus, association with father, and the lessons learned through example, have been of priceless value to me. Mother also did her share to stamp good impressions upon my soul. One thing, especially, that we were instructed in, was that we ought not to tell a lie. Other lessons were given me in morals by my teachers, the greatest of these instructors being Dr. George H. Brimhall. Dozens of sayings of this good man present themselves in my mind when temptation comes, and on my recent trip to Europe, the strongest was: "Never leave any tracks behind that need to be covered up."

One feature of temptation hard for some of the young people to withstand in this going-out-every-night age is the feeling that many have that they can sneak their way into a theatre or ball. Many a surprise is sprung on the honest door-keeper when he engages himself to collect tickets. Young people whom he would never suspect of dishonesty present themselves and try some kind of scheme to get in for nothing. Such actions in all their phases should be discountenances.

Once a boy has drifted into the habit, and has possessed himself of the idea that he can get admission for nothing and buy candy and nuts with the money he ought to have paid for his ticket it is difficult for him to break himself of that habit. A good resolution on the part of a boy is shown by David Harum, when he was requested to go into the circus by the under-the-curtain route. It was the first time in his life he had been near a circus, and he had run away from his father to see the show, but when the suggestion came that he ought to crawl under the tent, he answered emphatically: "No; I don't crawl under no tent; if I can't go in the way other folks do, I'll go home."

"How to determine what the children are doing." If we desire to learn the nature of animals and birds, we observe them. If we want work well attended, we oversee it. And likewise, if we wish to find out exactly what the little folks or the members are doing in any organization, we visit them and make observations. Actual contact is the best means, but if circumstances bar our visiting the organizations, then reports from and talks with the officers are to inform us. If the officers cannot be seen personally then written reports must suffice, but none are so satisfactory as personal mingling with the people.

If a mission president desires to know how his elders are getting along, he visits them: and if, after meeting in conference, he feels that he should learn more, he may go among the members

of the branch who, unasked, will give details, either complimentary or damaging.

The purpose of the visit, however, should be to teach something through which the children and the people may accomplish more. In this teaching, different lives are impressed by the words of new visitors. What one man cannot do by way of making impressions, another can; and who knows! a score of young lives may receive good impressions from the visit of a brother or a sister, and anything that inspires young people to do better is a pearl of great price. If the officers cannot go among all the people, the aids are to assist, and after making their visits, are to report to those in charge.

Now, let us all strive to be more active, to leave impressions for good wherever we go, and endeavor to inspire a greater interest in our Church work; and in years to come, men and women, well grounded in the faith through our efforts, will rise up and bless the days we spent in the service of the Church of Christ.

RICHFIELD, UTAH

(Articles of encouragement and help for the Priesthood Quorums and their workers, and for officers of the auxiliary organizations, will appear regularly in Vol. 17, IMPROVEMENT ERA.)



M. I. A. SCOUTS ON THE PIONEER TRAIL AT CAMP CLAYTON, EAST CANYON, 1913,



# Increasing Enrollment and Interest in the Mutuals

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BY LEWIS TELLE CANNON, OF THE GENERAL BOARD Y. M. M. I. A.

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In our attempt to increase the membership, and attendance, too, at our association meetings, we are limited of course to peaceful or "parliamentary" procedure; we can not go out and "rope" the various eligibles, and drag them in, and thus compel their presence, but must depend upon the power of persuasion.

A few years ago we talked a great deal about the "active roll" and the "permanent roll"—the active roll being supposed to contain the names of all who attended, even though irregularly, the meetings of the Association; and the permanent roll containing the names of all who were willing to enroll and were eligible to membership. Any association president fully alive to his duty will be obliged to still keep such a permanent roll as a supplement to his other roll; it will be the limit toward which he will strive for membership. As long as there are names on this permanent roll which are not on the active roll, there will be something for the membership committee to do. The probabilities in any ward, or the average ward, of the permanent roll becoming the active roll are remote. It therefore behooves us to have a good, live committee on membership, for there will always be material for it to work on.

In the average ward it should not be difficult to make up a roll of the eligibles; the average ward is not such a large affair as to make the people strangers to each other. Any man who possesses the qualifications for making a good association president will naturally possess the qualifications of friendliness and a wide acquaintance in the ward; and if he is at all in touch with ward affairs, or with the assistance of his fellow officers, he can soon get together a complete list of all who should be enrolled actively in the association.

Such a roll of eligibles should be referred to constantly; the missionary or membership committee would do well to study it carefully; they should consider each person in it and the best way to reach that person. A noted politician of the old guard once said that "every man has his price." That was only approximately true, because, as we know, there are men absolutely above all price. We might paraphrase the remark, however, and say that every man can be reached, can be appealed to in such an effective manner as to enlist his sympathy, although we ourselves

may not possess the proper temperament to get to him. It should be the duty of the missionary or membership committee to study the character of all the eligibles with the view to winning them over, so long as there are eligibles to be won.

And inasmuch as our larger success in Mutual Improvement work is going to depend on our specialization, it is going to be necessary to give over to some special committee the task of increasing the membership, and to hold this committee responsible. No one presiding officer, or no three presiding officers, can be expected alone to attend to all the details or perform all the duties that belong to a successful Mutual Improvement campaign. This work of obtaining members is such a big work that it must be given over to a proper committee and they must then be called to frequent account. Permit me to digress here a moment and say that people like to be called to account frequently—all honest, capable people—and it is also healthier for them.

Also, when any special work is given out or assigned, do not fail to call for reports of progress until it is completed.

In the matter of officers' meetings, I would like to say that you never heard of any success being obtained without effort; or, as Solomon put it, "There is no excellence without labor." Excellence is not accidental; it never has been and never will be; it always comes as a result of concentration of effort and planning. Excellent results will never come to any association, either in the way of a large attendance or in good accomplished, without effective planning and steady and vigorous effort on the part of the superintendent and his counselors first, and then hearty co-operation with them of all the other officers. All of this means discipline.

A young lady remarked to me very lately that she had noticed when there was pretty stern discipline in the Sunday School in which she was a teacher, everybody seemed alert, attentive and well satisfied; but that whenever the discipline relaxed, there was noticeable immediately a lack of interest and effort accompanied by dissatisfaction.

It is impossible to conceive of a good, healthy association without frequent and regular meetings of its officers. In the world of business you never heard of a successful enterprise that did not follow as a result of the alertness, the planning and the co-operative effort of those connected with it. The officers of every association should make up their mind that they are going to give to their work the time necessary to its proper development and success; and a part of this time should be spent at regular monthly intervals in meetings, where reports should be called for by the president and given by each officer or committee on whom any responsibility has been placed. It will be absolutely necessary, as we have said before, to divide the responsibility by appor-

tioning the work to be done among all the officers. And remember that where there is no responsibility there is no development.

In order to have the success that should follow your efforts you presidencies must know your officers thoroughly—their limitations on the one hand and their possibilities on the other. You can't possibly get all the good out of them in any other way. The only way to know them is to meet with them regularly and to work with them. When you work with a man you usually learn very much about him. You will discover that he is well qualified for this particular thing, and not at all for that. And it is "up to you" who are presidents of associations or superintendents of stakes to recognize the particular fitness of this or that man for this or that work and to make use of it. You must also realize that you have this or that particular work to be done; therefore this additional need for meeting often and regularly—that you get thoroughly acquainted with your corps and their various qualifications, and also that you learn to work together in harness with them. New ideas will come to you from these meetings with your officers; it is not expected that any one head will evolve all the ideas necessary to the larger success of an association. And remember this, inspiration comes only to those who work. Hubbard struck very close to the truth when he said, "Work is the only prayer that is ever answered." Inasmuch as our work comprises many more activities than formerly, it requires more intellects than formerly to make it successful. The modern Mutual Improvement Association meeting is no longer a hap-hazard, happy-go-lucky affair, but has become a rather precise, well ordered, systematic function. It proceeds along definite lines, just as though some one had planned it all out.

How about your association? Is it the precise, well-ordered function that we have described? Or is it a rambling affair, starting from nowhere and arriving nowhere? If it is the well-ordered function, we know that some one has been hard at work to make it so—that it has had the hearty co-operation of the Membership Committee, the Program Committee, the Social Committee, the Athletic Committee, and, of course, of all the officers and other special committees. There is positively no other way to achieve the success we are after, than to divide up the work among live committees selected for their fitness, and then to hold them absolutely responsible. It should be the aim to give everybody something to do, but not to work any one to death. There are in all wards those who are gentle and willing; these generally get worked overtime. While those who are disinclined get nothing to do. Either extreme is not conducive to healthy growth. The theory of our Church is to give everyone something to do, and when that happy condition shall prevail, no one need be overworked.

Thus far we have not considered particularly those activities for which Mutual Improvement work is particularly organized—those things with which we deal. Since the work of the Priesthood quorums was systematized and better organized, a large field has been opened up to us—a field of broad culture. Thus far, we have just made a beginning in the utilization of that opportunity. The Mutual Improvement Associations, in order to fulfil their highest expectations should become the center of the social, literary, and athletic life among our young people, and in many places they have almost reached this goal. In order to most successfully meet our needs and expectations, our association meetings must be made interesting. If we could sum up in one word that which is most calculated to make them successful, it would be this word “interesting.” With snappy, interesting meetings, the labors of the membership committee will be made light. People like to come, and especially young people, where things are interesting—“where there is something doing all the time.” But if the meetings are dull and monotonous and without pre-arrangement, the membership committee will surely “be up against it,” no matter how active and energetic they may be.

It behooves us, then, if we would have the success we hope for, to look early to the “Menus”: we ought to make early preparations for the activities which this season will engross our attention. We can best do this by acquainting ourselves with the abilities and capabilities of the members. There are usually a few among us who are good story tellers. Make your plans early to utilize them, and remember that to be a good “raconteur” is as great a social gift as to be a fine musician. Ability of this sort will ever bring to its possessor the company of distinguished people. Latent talent of this kind should by all means be encouraged.

Others in the association have an argumentative turn of mind and are natural debaters. Get them into line for a debate, and allow them ample time for preparation, choose subjects that can be discussed academically, and without animosity or ill feeling; and make of these debates a great feature. Remember, too, the advice that has been given at different times recently in the ERA and in conventions regarding the things to be avoided in giving debates.

The presenting of plays is not a new thing among us; no doubt every ward has tried its hand at it. As one method of adding to the interest of our associations the presenting of a play is certainly entitled to great credit. The season's work should hardly be considered complete without one effort in this direction. Choose a simple play that doesn't require too much either in the way of scenery and properties or of dramatic action. There are lots of suitable plays to be had. Try it out if you have any among you who are endowed with ability along this line.

Music is perhaps the art longest cultivated among us; it is hardly necessary to suggest the appropriateness of music as a part of our winter's work. It will no doubt form a very large part; but to be most successful it should be diversified as much as possible. The latent talent of every one for music should be cultivated. Encourage the young men to form quartettes and choruses and make such a considerable part of your programs. A little thought on your part will enable you to make use of the musical talent in your midst in new and unhackneyed ways.

One of the latest among the activities which we have taken up is athletics and scout work. This is also one of the best. Already some of the stakes have demonstrated the power of this work properly managed to increase the interest and attendance at Mutual meetings. There is chance here for all possible diversity. Get organized for it and try it out and you will recognize its value in adding interest to your work and in enabling you to reach some who might otherwise be unapproachable.

There are all these things and others which will suggest themselves to you when you have tried all these. The thing to do is to make preparation early for these activities, or as many of them as you can properly "tackle"; make a program of what you would like to accomplish, and stick to it as closely as you can.

If you will do all these things in the proper spirit and with the proper energy, we promise you a successful season's work; you will certainly obtain a larger enrollment and awaken increased interest in the Association; this is what we have set out to accomplish.

(In the IMPROVEMENT ERA for Vol. 17, officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. will find numerous and up-to-date hints and helps to aid them in their important work.)



MINING IN TINTIC

# O my Father

Martha. 8, 7, 8, 7, D

Friedrich von Flotow, 1847

1, O my Father, thou that dwelkest In the high and

The first system of the musical score for 'O my Father'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics '1, O my Father, thou that dwelkest In the high and' are written below the treble staff.

glor-ious place! When shall I re - gain thy presence, And a-

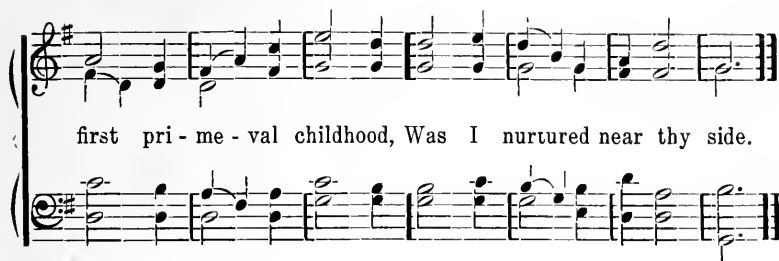
The second system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'glor-ious place! When shall I re - gain thy presence, And a-' are written below the treble staff.

gain be - hold thy face? In thy ho - ly hab - i-

The third system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'gain be - hold thy face? In thy ho - ly hab - i-' are written below the treble staff.

ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re - side; In my

The fourth system of the musical score. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics 'ta - tion, Did my spir - it once re - side; In my' are written below the treble staff.

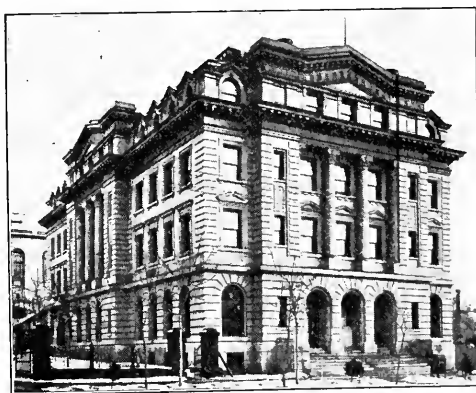


For a wise and glorious purpose  
 Thou hast placed me here on  
 earth,  
 And withheld the recollection  
 Of my former friends and birth,  
 Yet oftentimes a secret something  
 Whispered, "You're a stranger  
 here;"  
 And I felt that I had wandered  
 From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call Thee Father,  
 Through Thy Spirit from on  
 high;  
 But until the Key of Knowledge  
 Was restored, I knew not why.  
 In the heavens are parents single?  
 No; the thought makes reason  
 stare!  
 Truth is reason; truth eternal  
 Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,  
 When I lay this mortal by,  
 Father, Mother, may I meet you  
 In your royal courts on high?  
 Then, at length, when I've com-  
 pleted

All you sent me forth to do,  
 With your mutual approbation  
 Let me come and dwell with you.  
 —Eliza R. Snow, 1845.



THE PRESIDING BISHOP'S BUILDING,  
 Home of the IMPROVEMENT ERA.

# Department of Vocations and Industries

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## *XI—Suggestive Guide for Choosing a Vocation*

DEAR FRIEND HOWARD: You seem to have a splendid conception of the value of a well-rounded education to the specialist. Apparently there is no doubt in your mind but that higher education is worth its cost to him. We are glad that you realize that breadth is as important as specialization. In our opinion a man cannot be eminently successful, and secure himself against the changes ever occurring in industry, unless he knows a good deal besides the special knowledge immediately applicable to his own line of work. Dr. Parsons, an authority on vocational work, says, "Science declares that specialization in early years, in place of all-round education, is disastrous both to the individual and to society."

In your last letter you say that you are ready to choose a vocation, and that you would appreciate some suggestions from us to use as a guide in making your selection.

It is probably best that you begin this important task now, for between now and the time you complete your general education you will have considerable time in which to study the choice of your life's work. And should you decide early upon the line to follow, you can begin to shape your career in a general way.

You cannot overestimate the importance of going about this thing carefully and scientifically. Few persons, in starting out, realize the importance of planning successful working careers. At this point let us ask the question: Is not the choosing of a vocation a far bigger thing than the building of a house or the investment of money? Who will not answer in the affirmative? And yet who is there that would start to build a house without first careful planning, likely with the aid of a competent architect; or of investing any considerable sum of money, until he had consulted his banker and made some study of the investment market? Should not every young man, in your opinion, realize that the planning of his life's work is of far greater moment to himself and the community than the designing of his residence or the investment even of a million dollars? But if you were in possession of this sum of money, you would feel it a very heavy responsibility, and would not rest or feel satisfied until the money was placed where you considered it safe and likely to bring good returns. Will you not agree with us that the investment of your time and best effort, for at least eight hours a day during the rest of your active life, is twice as



important a thing as the placing of any sum of money you might have inherited or acquired?

Now, as to the guide for choosing a vocation. Since we cannot choose your life's work for you, any more than one person can choose for another the one he should marry (though this is often attempted and sometimes unwisely done), all that we can hope to do is to help you to so approach the problem and deal with it that you will come to a wise and profitable decision for yourself. And to this end we are pleased to offer the following suggestive outline:

FIRST. ADAPTABILITY. Easily the foremost question in choosing a vocation is that of adaptability or fitness for the work selected. "Efficiency and success," says one writer, "are largely dependent upon adaptation. A man would not get good results by using his cow to draw his carriage and his horse for dairy purposes; yet the difference of adaptation in that case is no more emphatic than the differences in the aptitudes, capacities, powers and adaptabilities of human beings."

If you can only find that calling for which you are best fitted you will have the safest guarantee of success. For fitness will insure love for your occupation, and then it logically follows that your best efforts and enthusiasm will be united with your daily work.

This question of adaptability contemplates for its intelligent solution two things:

a. A clear understanding of yourself. To "know thyself" has been declared to be the foundation of a true plan of life. But this knowledge of oneself is by no means easy to obtain. It would be less difficult generally to study another person, for often we cannot see in ourselves those traits that are conspicuous to other people. Nevertheless, the fact remains that self-study is the cornerstone of success in choosing a vocation, and to aid in this important investigation we recommend that you study yourself as follows:

1. Observe your aptitudes, interests, ambitions, resources, abilities and limitations.

The observations and discoveries you make for yourself in this study will be of supreme value to you. Confirm your opinions and secure all the additional information that you can from others. But keep in mind that after all it is for you yourself to render the final decision in this matter of selecting your life's work. For this reason we earnestly advise that you do as much of this work as you can in your own way, and so begin early to develop that self-reliance so necessary for a successful career.

2. Compare yourself with others. At opportune times talk about yourself with your family, friends, teachers and others.

3. Familiarize yourself with the best books on the subject. Names of suitable books and more detailed information and instructions may be had from the Vocational Committeeman in your own ward or stake, or from the Committee on Vocations and Industries of the General Board, as the work proceeds. Read the Y. M. M. I. A. Senior Manual for 1913-14.

4. Secure expert advice and counsel. An hour or so now and then with a competent vocational counselor should result in the greatest benefit. There are a hundred or more questions with reference to this personal investigation that he can put into your hands, bring out the principal facts about yourself, particularly those bearing upon the problem in hand. The points he suggests will assist you in your self-analysis, revealing to yourself and to him your own make-up, and showing what your special aptitudes are, where your chief abilities lie, and the direction of your main interests and ambitions.

This effort on your own part to study yourself and analyze your own make-up will develop in yourself analytic power, and analytic power, or the ability to see the essential facts in a book, a man, or a mass of business, or other data, and to properly group and classify them, is said to be one of the cornerstones of mastery and achievement.

It is true that at present there are few among us who are expert vocational counselors. But it must be remembered that this work is very young. Only recently has it been introduced, even in the older centers of our country. Knowing this, the prospects for it here are encouraging.

Vocations and industries now constitute a special department of our M. I. A. work, and are treated in part in our Senior Manual for the coming year. Certain schools in our state already give regular courses in vocations, and others anticipate soon adding it to their curriculum.

5. In this study of yourself, as well as in the rest of your investigation, relative to the matter of choosing a vocation, a pencil and paper will be invaluable. Get in the habit of "putting it down on paper." This will give you something definite and tangible to work with.

b. A broad acquaintance with the field of vocations, including a knowledge of the requirements, advantages and disadvantages, compensation, opportunities and prospects in the different lines of work. This acquaintance may be had by

1. Contact and observation with the industrial world. Try different kinds of work during your summer vacations. Visit different places of industry.

2. Talking with successful men in different lines of work.

3. Reading suitable books and articles on the subject.

4. Consulting vocational counselors and others conversant

with the field of industrial opportunities and conditions of success in different lines of work.

**SECOND. SERVICE.** The true measure of a man's greatness is the service he renders to others during his lifetime. The benefit he is able to confer upon his fellowmen will depend largely upon the vocation he selects—not that one occupation is any better than another, except that it may be more suitable to him. In the selection of your life's work, we strongly advise that you choose the vocation that, in your judgment, will make you the most serviceable to the community. Let your uppermost ambition, in your daily work, be to further the interests of your fellowmen, and the matter that next follows in this outline and that so often troubles men will automatically care for itself.

**THIRD. COMPENSATION.** By this is meant pay in money. We are not unmindful of the fact that often a large per cent of a man's remuneration for his best services comes from sources outside of this much-sought-for medium of exchange. Money, however, is a legitimate necessity, and rightly used is a powerful factor for good. Other things being equal, a man is entitled to enter that field for his livelihood that is calculated to yield to him the best revenue in dollars and cents.

a. *A Home.* It is every normal man's inherent right to get married and rear a family. And to do this contemplates a home. Under present methods of handling houses for sale in larger cities, one can be acquired on monthly payments. But even this or any other plan requires that the purchaser earn a little more than the living expenses of himself and family, which, under existing conditions, are high.

b. *Income.* The home paid for, every thoughtful man will be concerned in getting an income sufficient to keep himself and those dependent upon him in his old age, or sooner, should the misfortune of ill-health overtake him.

**FOURTH. HOME LIFE.** Some lines of work are far more congenial for domestic life than others. And as in the case of compensation other things being equal, a young man is at liberty to choose that pursuit which will be conducive to the greatest home-happiness, and the best results for himself and his family. In this matter of home life we can easily go farther and say that a man should have the latitude to select a vocation largely from the standpoint of building up a good home and rearing a good family. For it must be remembered that the home is the most fundamental and basic of all institutions, and that the rearing of a good family is the best of all investments and the noblest calling that God has given to man. No greater service can man and woman render to the state than to rear an honorable family.

**FIFTH. GROWTH.** It is every young man's privilege, and should be his ambition, to grow physically, intellectually, and

spiritually. In the selection of a vocation, special attention should be given to the finding of that pursuit that will be most conducive either directly or indirectly to self-development. For development along the lines just mentioned will produce a well-balanced man, and a man's influence and usefulness both in the industrial world and outside of it will depend largely upon his balance or all around conception of life and things in general.

SIXTH. ACCESSIBILITY. By "accessibility," we have in mind the amount of time and money required to become proficient in a given line of work. From the standpoint of theory alone, it might seem that this item should be disregarded and, irrespective of circumstances and the fact that two or more vocations may be almost if not quite equal by any of the above tests, that a young man should shut his eyes against this item of accessibility of the vocations in question. But from a practical standpoint, we are of the opinion that it should have a place in this outline. For we consider it reasonable that a young man should consult his resources and probable demands upon him before entering upon long and expensive courses of study or years of apprenticeship.

However, great caution should be exercised, so as not to abuse this part of the guide. Do not, under any circumstances, use it as an excuse to avoid difficult and extended preparation for a life's work for which you are best fitted.

We are told that Lincoln debated with himself whether to learn blacksmithing or the law. With relative ease he could have acquired the former trade, earning money from the beginning. Had he hidden behind this item of accessibility and used it as an excuse to avoid the difficult and technical study of the law, then we probably would never have heard of this man who today stands so very high in American history.

Even after a careful and scientific attempt, you may not be successful in selecting for yourself the right line of work at first. Biography tells, now and then, of the man who tried one or more vocations before finding the one that best fitted his makeup. General Grant met with less than average success until he entered upon that work which enabled him, as a general and a statesman, to assist in shaping the destiny of a nation.

It is to be hoped that this vocational work will spread and become so effective as to reduce the cases of misfits to the minimum. But should you be so unfortunate as to find yourself in that class, then we strongly advise that you keep on studying yourself until you find the right line of work and get into it.

We hope the above suggestions will prove helpful, and that your choice of a vocation will be a wise and profitable one.

Sincerely yours,

COMMITTEE ON VOCATIONS AND INDUSTRIES  
OF THE GENERAL BOARD Y. M. M. I. A.

By CLAUDE RICHARDS.



# STAKE SUPERINTENDENTS Y. M. M. I. A.

Top row: Datus E. Hammond, Pioneer stake; George A. Seaman, Weber stake; second row: D. William Stowell, Rigby stake, Idaho; L. F. Zundell, Pocatello stake, Idaho; Fred Webb, St. Joseph stake, Arizona; bottom row: William H. Morrell, Wayne stake, Utah; Lewis R. Anderson, South Sanpete stake, Utah; Leonard C. Sargent, Panquitch stake Utah.

# Rules for Ward and Stake Athletics

Recommended by the Athletic Committee Y. M. M. I. A.

(CONTINUED FROM JUNE NUMBER)

**RULE XIX. The Finish.** The finish of the course shall be represented by a line between two finishing posts, drawn across and at right angles to the sides of the track, and four feet above which line shall be placed a tape attached at either end to the finishing posts. A finish shall be counted when any part of the winner's body, except his hands or arms, shall reach the finish line. The order of finishing for second and third places, and so on, shall be decided in the same manner.

**RULE XX. Hurdles.** Different heights, distances and number of hurdles may be selected for hurdle races.

In the 120 yards hurdle race, ten hurdles shall be used; each hurdle to be three feet six inches high. They shall be placed ten yards apart, with the first hurdle fifteen yards distant from the starting point, and the last hurdle fifteen yards before the finishing line. In the 220 yards hurdle race ten hurdles shall be used, each hurdle to be two feet six inches high. They shall be placed twenty yards apart, with the first hurdle twenty yards distant from the starting mark, and the last hurdle twenty yards before the finishing line.

In hurdle races of other distances, and with different numbers of hurdles, the hurdles shall be placed at equal intervals, with the same space between the first hurdle and the starting point, and the last hurdle and the finishing line as between each of the hurdles.

In making a record it shall be necessary for the competitor to jump over every hurdle in its proper position, and no record shall be allowed unless all the hurdles remain standing after the competitor clears them.

A competitor knocking down three or more hurdles or any portion of three or more hurdles in a race shall be disqualified. A competitor who trails his leg or foot alongside any hurdle shall be disqualified.

In all championship hurdle races of the Amateur Athletic Union, or any of its Associations, up to and including 300 yards, each competitor shall have separate hurdles and a separate course marked out and measured independently, whether races are run straightaway or with turns.

**RULE XXI. Ties.** In all contests whose results are determined by measurement of height or distance, ties shall be decided as follows:

In handicap contests the award shall be given to the competitor who received the least allowance. In case of a tie between two or more competitors who received the same allowance, the decision shall be made as in scratch contests.

In case of a tie in a scratch contest at high jumping, the tying competitors shall have three additional trials at the height last tried, and if still undecided, the bar shall be lowered to the height next below, and three trials taken at that height. If no one clears it, the bar shall be lowered again and again until one of the competitors clears it. In case of a second tie, the award shall be given to the competitor who cleared the bar with the least number of trials.

In case of a tie in the pole vault the officials shall raise or lower

the bar at their discretion, and those competitors who have tied shall be allowed one trial at each height.

In handicaps, where a tie occurs, the scratch man or man with the smallest allowance shall be given the place.

In case of a tie in a scratch contest at any game decided by distance, each of the tying competitors shall have three additional trials, and the award shall be made in accordance with the distances cleared in these additional trials. In case of a second tie three more trials shall be allowed, and so on, until a decision is reached. In case of a dead heat in any track events, the competitors shall not be allowed to divide the prize or points, or to toss for them, but must compete again at a time and place appointed by the Referee.

Order of Competition in Field Events. In all scratch events the competitors shall take their trials in the order of their names as printed in the program.

In all handicap events the competitor having the greatest allowance shall make the first trial, and so on, in regular order, up to the competitor at scratch or with least allowance, who shall have the last trial.

**RULE XXII. Jumping. Section 1.** A fair jump shall be one that is made without the assistance of weights, diving, somersaults or hand-springs of any kind.

**Sec. 2.** The Running High Jump. The Field Judges shall decide the height at which the jump shall commence, and shall regulate the succeeding elevations.

Each competitor shall be allowed three trial jumps at each height, and if on the third trial he shall fail, he shall be declared out of the competition.

At each successive height each competitor shall take one trial in his proper turn; then those failing, if any, shall have their second trial jump in a like order, after which those having failed twice shall make their third trial jump.

The jump shall be made over a bar resting on pins projecting not more than three inches from the uprights, and when this bar is removed from its place it shall be counted as a trial jump.

Running under the bar in making an attempt to jump shall be counted as a "balk," and three successive "balks" shall be counted as a trial jump.

The distance of the run before the jump shall be unlimited.

A competitor may decline to jump at any height in his turn, and by so doing, forfeits his right to again jump at the height declined.

**Sec. 3.** The Standing High Jump. The feet of the competitor may be placed in any position, but shall leave the ground only once in making an attempt to jump. When the feet are lifted from the ground twice, or two springs are made in making the attempt, it shall count as a trial jump without result. A competitor may rock forward and back, lifting heels and toes alternately from the ground, but may not lift either foot clear from the ground or slide it along the ground in any direction.

With this exception the rules governing the Running High Jump shall also govern the Standing High Jump.\*

**Sec. 4.** The Running Broad Jump. When jumped on earth a joist eight inches wide shall be sunk flush with it. The outer edge of this joist shall be called the scratch line, and the measurement of all jumps shall be made from it at right angles to the nearest break in the ground made by any part of the person of the competitor.

In front of the scratch line the ground shall be flush.

A foul jump shall be one where any part of the competitor's foot

is over the scratch line in taking off, or where the competitor runs over the line without jumping, and shall count as a trial jump without result.

Each competitor shall have three trial jumps, and the best three shall each have three more trial jumps.

The competition shall be decided by the best of all the trial jumps of the competitors.

The distance of the run before the scratch line shall be unlimited.

Sec. 5. The Pole Vault.\* The height of the bar at starting and at each successive elevation shall be determined by the officials.

Three trials allowed at each height. Each competitor shall make an attempt in the order in which his name appears on the program, then those who have failed shall have a second trial in regular order, and those failing on this trial shall take their final trial.

Displacing the bar counts as a try.

A line shall be drawn fifteen feet in front of the bar and parallel with it; crossing this line in an attempt shall be a balk. Two balks constitute a try.

Leaving the ground in an attempt shall constitute a try.

A competitor may omit his trials at any height, but if he fail at the next height he shall not be allowed to go back and try the height he omitted.

The poles shall have no assisting devices, except that they may be wound or wrapped with any substance for the purpose of affording a firmer grasp, and may have one spike at the lower end. No competitor shall, during his vault, raise the hand which was uppermost when he left the ground to a higher point on the pole, nor shall he raise the hand which was undermost when he left the ground to any point on the pole above the other hand.

Poles shall be furnished by the club giving the games, but contestants may use their private poles if they so desire, and no contestant shall be allowed to use any of these private poles except by the consent of their owners. The poles shall be unlimited as to size and weight.

Any competitor shall be allowed to dig a hole not more than one foot in diameter at the take-off in which to plant his pole.

In case of a tie the officials shall raise or lower the bar at their discretion, and those competitors who have tied shall be allowed one trial at each height.

In handicaps where a tie occurs, the scratch man or man with the smallest allowance shall be given the place.

The rule governing the Running Broad Jump shall also govern the Pole Vault for distance, except that when the man leaves the ground in an attempt, it shall be counted a trial.

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\*At the annual meeting of the A. A. U., held Nov. 19, 1902, in New York City, the following was offered for guidance in the pole vault and high jump events:

"That the rules of competition require the Field Judges to make accurate measurements. The Committee have discussed the question of giving the right to move the apparatus in the high jump and in the pole vault, and we would like to call the attention of all those who are interested in athletics to the fact that if the apparatus is moved, the Field Judges should make a re-measurement, because if there is any inequality in the ground at all, changing the apparatus may make a difference varying from one inch to a quarter of an inch, and the competitor should not be allowed to have the apparatus moved and thereby get an advantage in that way."



Sec. 6. The Standing Broad Jump. The feet of the competitor may be placed in any position, but shall leave the ground only once in making an attempt to jump. When the feet are lifted from the ground twice, or two springs are made in making an attempt, it shall count as a trial jump without result. A competitor may rock forward and back, lifting heels and toes alternately from the ground, but may not lift either foot clear of the ground, or slide it along the ground in any direction.

In all other respects the rule governing the Running Broad Jump shall also govern the Standing Broad Jump.

Sec. 7. The Three Standing Broad Jumps. The feet of the competitor shall leave the ground only once in making an attempt for each of the three jumps, and no stoppage between jumps shall be allowed. In all other respects the rules governing the Standing Broad Jump shall also govern the Three Standing Broad Jumps.

Sec. 8. Running Hop, Step and Jump. The competitor shall first land upon the same foot with which he shall have taken off. The reverse foot shall be used for the second landing, and both feet shall be used for the third landing.

In all other respects the rules governing the Running Broad Jump shall also govern the Running, Hop, Step and Jump.

RULE XXIII. The Shot. The shot shall be a metal sphere with a covering of any material, and the combined weight for championship contests shall be 16 pounds. It is optional with the Athletic Committee of handicap meetings to offer competitions of shots weighing from 12 pounds upwards.

The shot shall be "put" with one hand, and in making the attempt it shall be above and not behind the shoulder.

All puts shall be made from a circle seven feet in diameter. The circle to be a metal or wooden ring, painted or white-washed, and sunk almost flush with the ground, and it shall be divided into two halves by a line drawn through the center. In the middle of the circumference of the front half shall be placed a stop-board four feet long, four inches high, and firmly fastened to the ground. In making his puts, the feet of the competitor may rest against, but not on top of this board.

A fair put shall be one in which no part of the person of the competitor touches the top of the stop-board, the circle, or the ground outside the circle, and the competitor leaves the circle by its rear half, which shall be the half directly opposite the stop-board. A put shall be foul if any part of the person of the competitor touch the ground outside the front half of the circle before the put is measured.

The measurement of each put shall be taken at the circle from the nearest mark made by the fall of the shot to the circumference of the circle on a line from the mark made by the shot to the center of the circle.

Foul puts and letting go the shot in making an attempt shall be counted as trial puts without result.

A board similar to the one in front may be used at the back of the circle.

The order of competing and number of trials shall be the same as for the Running Broad Jump. Shots shall be furnished by the Athletic Committee. Any contestant may use his private shot, if correct in weight and shape; in which case the other contestants must also be allowed to use it if they wish.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Editors' Table

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### Close of the Volume

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The sixteenth volume of the IMPROVEMENT ERA closes with this number. We are confident our readers will agree with us that in this volume not only more than the promised matter was given but that the matter provided for our readers has been fully up to the standard of former years. We think there was some improvement.

The volume will perhaps be best remembered as containing the discussion on "Joseph Smith, Jr., as a Translator" in defense of the prophet's inspired work in giving to the world the Book of Abraham. However, there are many other features that make the present volume extremely valuable, instructive and entertaining. We may mention the large education number issued in honor of the National Education Association's first meeting in Utah, containing an inspiring epitome of the educational conditions in our commonwealth, past and present; also a concise presentation of the organization and government of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, its school, missionary and financial systems. Besides these, a large number of very interesting articles have been published among which one should not forget "The Prince of Peace" by William Jennings Bryan; "Customs and Legends of Utah Indians," by Enoch Jorgensen; "The Gospel to the Lamanites," by Rey L. Pratt of the Mexican Mission; "The Utah Pioneers," by Erastus Snow; "The Mormon Problem," by Edward Williams; "Some Obligations of Citizenship," by Dr. Ephraim G. Gowans; "The Educator," by Orson F. Whitney, with many shorter articles and department work that not only make the volume of real permanent value but that have given current interest to the numbers as they have appeared.

For the coming volume, as the reader will see by the prospectus, new features will be added, and we are safe in promising a volume that will exceed in interest any that has heretofore been presented. If our plans carry, special features will be added that cannot now be mentioned.

Among the matter we have arranged to present is a series of

articles on the discoveries of the Utah Archæological Expedition in Arizona and southwestern Utah together with a description of the general conditions of the country explored this past summer, by a member of the expedition of the University of Utah. These articles will be accompanied by photographs and sketches in pencil by the author, and we are promised considerable material in this connection on the manners and customs and industries of the Navajos and other Indian tribes in Utah, Arizona and New Mexico.

We are thankful to the writers who have so willingly and efficiently aided us in making this volume of the ERA so valuable and entertaining. We solicit further contributions from them and from all who have a message for the people of value and interest. To those who have aided in the circulation of our magazine, and there are hundreds of these in the various settlements of the inter-mountain region, who have done so freely and willingly without pay and out of loyalty to the cause, we extend our grateful thanks, assuring them that they are kindly remembered, and that the labor they have given in support of our magazine has enabled us to accomplish a good work that we may all point to with a great deal of satisfaction.

We solicit our readers to promptly renew their subscriptions upon receipt of this number upon the blank, yellow insert. Your promptness will aid us materially in our office work, and will also encourage us to feel that you are satisfied with our efforts and that the ERA is a household companion in your family. Asking the blessings of the Lord upon all who have contributed and who will hereafter contribute to this work which is established for the purpose of aiding the great cause of God, His Church and His people upon the earth, we set out to perform the labors of the new volume with cheerful and hopeful hearts, praying that the Lord may aid us all in the proper performance of our tasks.

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### Messages from the Missions

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Elder John W. Summerhays of the Paris Conference of the French Mission, writes September 1: "Our work among the French people is giving very encouraging results and we are most enthusiastic in the future growth and development of the mission. The Paris branch held conference on August 23 and 24, 1913. President E. Taft Benson

of the European Mission with thirteen traveling elders of the French Mission were present. This was the first conference ever held since the organization of the Paris Conference on May 11, 1913, and the second of its kind since the organization of the French Mission in Paris, October 15, 1912, by President Rudger Clawson. The problem of presenting the gospel in such a way as would appeal to the French people was taken up and discussed thoroughly by those present. We have a somewhat difficult task before us at present and the means of spreading the gospel are somewhat limited. We are striving for a foothold and are confident we will get it. Twenty hours a week was recommended as a standard for all the missionaries to work to. Many have done this in the past. In France there are many thousands of honest in heart searching for the truth who have not even heard of our religion. The French people as a whole are not very religious. They recognize the difference between right and wrong and should therefore have the privilege of judging for themselves whether our



religion is a system of human development or not. Approaching them from a social and moral side of the question our efforts will be more successful. Our religion should be a study and taught as a complement to daily life, not simply as a theory of good conduct. There are five branches of the Church in France at the present time, two of them being opened last spring. The number of members enrolled is thirty-one with good prospects for more baptisms. Fourteen elders are working in the French Conference. The names of the elders in the picture, left to right, top row: Vern C. Woolley, Grantsville; Wm. D. Wright, Logan; J. LeRoy Wright, Ogden; Melvin C. Morris, Jr., Salt Lake City; middle row: Herschel E. Pearson, Draper; L. D. Wright, Ogden; L. LeRoy Jackson, Ogden; C. O. Anderson, Annabella, Utah; H. Arthur Davidson, Fort Bridger, Wyo.; Charles W. Mitchell, Hooper, Utah; Ezra Curtis, Thatcher, Ariz.; bottom row:

Joseph B. Storrs, American Fork; W. Earl Reed, Mission Secretary, Ogden; Edgar B. Brossard, Mission President, Logan; E. Taft Benson, President European Mission, Ogden; John W. Summerhays, Conference President, Salt Lake City; Calvin Fletcher, A. C. U. Faculty, Logan, Utah.

Elder Robert Gardner, Baltimore, Maryland, May 3: "The elders here are laboring faithfully and have been successful in establishing in the hearts of the people esteem for the Latter-day Saints. At no period heretofore has so little opposition been met with here, and the future looks hopeful. Elders, back row: L. W. Singleton, Hooper;



A. W. Taylor, Harrisville; G. L. Atkinson, Rexburg, Idaho; G. E. Laycock, Raymond, Alta., Canada; S. A. Lawrence, Shelley, Idaho; R. G. Collett, Salt Lake City, Utah; front row: J. E. Child, Ogden; D. J. Thomas, Driggs, Idaho; Robert Gardner, conference president, Logan, Utah; G. C. Fullmer, St. Anthony, Idaho; George Nelson, Heber, Utah."

Supt. Richard T. Haag of the Samoan Mission schools, Apia, Samoa, July 30: "On the 24th all the elders and sisters of this conference including, President J. A. Nelson and several missionaries from other islands, joined in a grand celebration at Sauniatu. This is where the largest branch of the mission is located on an eight-hundred-acre plantation owned by the Church, twenty-five miles from Apia. After an excellent program in which the German and English as well as the Samoan languages were represented, a grand dinner in native fashion was served to nearly two hundred people. The national game 'Kilikiki' was played on the lawn near the meetinghouse between the natives and the missionaries, the latter coming out victorious. The islands of this mission are scattered hundreds of miles north, south and west in this great ocean. Besides the Samoan group we have belonging to this mission the Friendly or Tongan islands, about three hundred miles south of here, where a number of our schools are located. The Church has built good meeting and mission houses, some in Samoan styles and others as two-story frame houses with wide porches surrounding them. Preparations are now making for the erection of two more substantial buildings of concrete for Church and school purposes. The work is growing in every direction. Encouraging reports come to us from nearly all the schools not yet visited and

ere long we hope to have established a system that will bring permanent results for the good of the mission and for the salvation of these far-away people."

Elder Joseph A. Bodily, Birmingham, England, August 27th: "We are laboring in what is called the 'black country' of England. During the past summer we tracted in the surrounding villages and owing to the distance we found it necessary to have cycles. Although we met with much opposition we find some people who are indeed searching



for the truth and who are willing to give us a hearing. The photo shows the elders returning from tracting. Left to right: Joseph A. Bodily, Fairview, Idaho; George H. Brewerton, Raymond, Canada; Harry V. Graham, Teton, Idaho; and George W. Lunt, Nephi, Utah.

Elder J. C. Siddoway, writing from Albany, New York, June 3: "We find the ERA very interesting and after reading it we circulate it among our friends who are always pleased to receive it. The ERA is a great help in placing the gospel before the people here in Albany. We meet new friends in our tracting every day. We have twenty good, strong members here in the branch, also a number of friends. We hold Sunday School and meeting each Sunday; both well attended. The class in Sunday School is very much interested in the Book of Mormon which we are now studying."

Elder Alfred C. Larsen, secretary Christiania Conference, April 30: "Reports at our semi-annual conference just finished show that during the past six months 63,545 tracts and 943 books were distributed; 19,280 houses visited; 3,286 gospel conversations held; 11 *Star* subscribers obtained; 5 children blessed; 35 baptisms, 22 ordained to the Priesthood, and 616 meetings held. We are working diligently. Our meetings are well attended in all the branches, especially in Christiania, where our hall comfortably seats 470 people. On Sunday evenings we have an attendance of from 350 to 525 people, of whom a large number are strangers."

## Passing Events

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**The National currency bill** passed the House on September 18, by a vote of 286 to 84. Twenty-four Republicans voted for it and three Democrats against it. It may be some weeks before it is reported to the Senate where further debate is expected to delay the final passage of the bill.

**The Ogden Tabernacle Choir** is to sing at the Panama Exposition in San Francisco, in 1915. The presidency of the Church some time ago, approved the movement for the appearance of that choir at the exposition, on condition that no expense will be entailed upon the Church. It is the only choir that will receive the sanction and approval of the Presidency for that purpose.

**Christina Hadlock Allen**, eighty-five years old, died at her home in Huntsville, March 20, 1913. She was born April 2, 1828, and came to Utah in 1850, joining the Church when its membership numbered only a few hundred. She was the mother of seven boys and seven daughters, twelve of whom survive her, also one hundred thirty-seven grandchildren and ninety-five great-grandchildren. She was faithful to the gospel, true to the faith, and a pioneer of strength and achievement.

**The impeachment trial of Governor William Sulzer** of New York opened on September 18, at Albany. The first session of the high court met on that date. The articles of impeachment against the Governor by the Assembly of New York charge that he compiled false statements of his receipts and money transactions during his gubernatorial campaign, and committed perjury thereby, and also that he committed larceny in speculating in stocks, money and checks contributed for his campaign, and threatened to use his office and influence to affect the vote of public officials.

**Wm. K. Rice** died in Farmington, Utah, and his funeral was held at that place on July 10, 1913. He was born in Manchester, Ontario County, New York, in 1832. Edmond Rice, his progenitor, came to America in 1638, and 313 of his descendants fought for the independence of the colonies in the Revolutionary War. William K. Rice was the father of seventeen children and his posterity in Utah and surrounding states now number about eight hundred. William went through the scenes of Nauvoo and came to Winter Quarters in 1846, and to Utah with the second company in 1847, where he has resided since, passing through all the toils of pioneer days.

**Water was turned into the Strawberry Tunnel** on Saturday afternoon, September 13, for the test of the mechanical part of the project. The four-mile long tunnel carried 518,400 second feet of water which appeared at the west portal fifty-five minutes after the water entered from the reservoir. It is reported that the water cut a deep dent down the mountain side into Diamond Creek and enlarged that natural conduit in its passage to the Spanish Fork river, through which it flowed into Utah Lake. After six hours of flow it was decided that a thorough test had been made, and the gates at the east portal were again closed. They had been opened by the project engineer J. L. Lytel, assisted by S. W. Carter, assistant engineer, and statistician C. J. Blancherd, of Washington, D. C.

**Robert Lindsay McGhie**, son of Patriarch James McGhie and Isabel Lindsay, died Sunday, June 22, 1913. He was born at the old woolen mill, near Parley's Canyon, April 14, 1874. He was educated in the common schools, University of Utah, and University of Chicago, which fitted him for his work as associate professor of Latin and Greek at the University of Utah. He was greatly interested in higher education, and was a man of sweet disposition and lovable character, a lover of music, and for a time leader of the choir in Sugar House Ward. He was married June 16, 1899, to Aggie Gabbott, and they had five children, four of whom with his wife survive him.

**Elder Walter P. Monson** was chosen successor to the late President Ben E. Rich of the Eastern States Mission on Thursday, September 11, at a regular meeting of the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles, Elder Rich being released on account of sickness. Elder Monson has been manager of the Eccles Lumber Company, of Ogden. He was born in Richmond, Cache County, his father being one of the early settlers of Utah. Elder Monson was engaged in the lumber business in Richmond for many years, and has always been prominent in religious and business affairs in Utah. He was president of the London Conference of the British Mission for about fifteen months in 1909-10. Capable, broad-minded and a man of keen business perception, he will doubtless fill the responsible position of president of the Eastern States Mission with honor and satisfaction to all concerned.

**Mayor William Jay Gaynor of New York** died on the steamer *Baltic*, in mid-ocean, September 10, of heart failure. He sailed from New York September 4 for a brief vacation on the ocean. His death removes one of the candidates for mayor of New York and gives the fusion nominee, John Puroy Mitchell, a clear field against the Democrats. Mayor Gaynor was born on a farm near Whitestown, New York, in 1851. Graduating from the Whitestown seminary, he taught school in Boston and studied law in the office of Ward Hunt, in Utica. He was later justice in the supreme court of New York. In 1873 he was a Brooklyn newspaper reporter, and was admitted to the bar in



1875, and from that time until his death he lived in the midst of a continual political warfare, fighting the lawless saloons, the McLaughlin ring in Brooklyn, and John Y. McCane, boss of Sheephead's Bay, Coney Island. He was elected justice of the supreme court in 1893, re-elected in 1907, and resigned to accept the nomination of mayor of New York, to which office he was elected in November, 1909. His body was returned to New York for burial.

**Word from Cardston, Alberta,** relates the success of one of our Mutual Improvement boys, Mr. Zebulon W. Jacobs, son of Bishop H. C. Jacobs, of Ogden. Mr. Jacobs attended the Weber Academy



for three years, afterwards took one year at the Latter-day Saints' University at Salt Lake City. He was called to Canada on a mission and located at Magrath. After being principal of the Magrath public school, he studied law. He was admitted as a barrister and solicitor of the Supreme Court of Alberta, August 11, 1913, the first "Mormon" to be admitted in that province. He is opening an office in Cardston. At present he is first counselor to President Henry L. Hinman in the High Priests' quorum in the Alberta stake of Zion, and also one of the members of the Super-

intendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. in that stake.

**Agriculture as an issue** is forcing itself to the front. The public are demanding that more and more of it be taught in the schools. Knowing this fact, it is pleasant to note the progress made by our own State Agricultural College, as indicated in the demands for its graduates. Four were sent to Argentina, last winter, at a salary averaging \$2,000 per year and expenses. The admirable leadership of Dr. John A. Widtsoe, who is considered a master in his line, together with the good corps of men and women teachers at the college, most of them native westerners with the best training that American and European colleges can give them, account for the great success of our state institution at Logan. Nearly all the ninety-six graduates of last June have been appointed to positions as farm experts in the state and federal government service, either as superintendents of agricultural enterprises or as teachers in this and other states. Several will be teachers in their alma mater, others principals or instructors in high schools, and some will work in the Church schools of Utah and Idaho. Altogether, it is encouraging to note the demand for graduates from this institution. Besides those thus engaged publicly, many are engaged in independent agricultural pursuits.

**The Elders' Reference** is a book of some sixty-four pages of matter designed for elders of the Eastern States Mission, and published

by the late President Ben E. Rich, in New York, June 2, of this year. It contains a sermon delivered by President Joseph F. Smith directed to elders going on missions, and containing practical suggestions to them, also a series of practical notes by President Francis M. Lyman of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles to be referred to daily by missionaries. There are several pages of practical instructions to the missionaries on the methods of performing their work, such as instructing the candidates for baptism, administering the sacrament, excommunications, recognition of authority, fast offerings, responsibility of senior elders, debates, keeping promises, answering letters promptly, keeping records, traveling together, clothing, cleanliness, wasting time in pleasure seeking, let the mysterious alone, the length of a mission, how to baptize, confirm, ordain, keeping a journal, conduct, tithing, borrowing money, and many other practical points upon which elders need instruction. There are also daily hints to missionaries, and counsel to returning missionaries, by President Joseph F. Smith. The book concludes with a fourteen or fifteen page appendix, containing important sayings of the Prophet Joseph Smith. It is printed in handy form for pocket use.

"The Pioneer Trail" is the title of a book printed by the *Deseret News*, and published by Alfred Lambourne. It is a combination of *The Old Sketchbook* and *The Old Journey* which were predecessors of the *Pioneer Trail*. The present volume contains much additional matter, indeed. The character of the work is somewhat changed. The former books gave more expression to the description of scenery, whereas the work now in hand is rather more an epitome of human emotion and experiences in the trying journey by ox team over the plains. There are seven sketches of beautiful scenes on the journey. The book is one of the Y. M. M. I. A. reading course, just such a one as a person will delight to sit down with in a contemplative mood. It touches the poetic spots on the journey, and awakens long-hidden emotions in the experienced, and curiosity with the young reader. The incidents narrated are of a general character that fit not only the train which the author accompanied over the plains, but all the trains that made the journey. Here is a little incident quoted from one of the pages:

Many a time had Captain Holladay with his natural caution gained from experience, his sagacity and knowledge, given a timely warning. The girls must not be led too far by their passion for the gathering of flowers. How often had the desire to possess some especially beautiful or brilliant, some alluring bunch, of desert bloom tempted them beyond the lines of safety. Especially true was this among the Black Hills and the mountain ranges, too, beyond them. There was danger, also, in the going for water, the dipping places were often at quite a distance from the camp. How terrible an example was that which occurred in one of the trains which crossed the Hills the year before our own. It was on the banks of the La Bonte River. A band of five Sioux suddenly dashed out from amid a clump of trees on the river

bank, and carried away, beyond all hope of rescue, one of two girls who had rashly gone too far down the stream. The train remained at the river for a period of three days, the Indians were pursued for many miles, but it was all in vain. The young husband never saw his young wife again. One of the young women was slightly in advance of the other, and those few steps made this difference, that one was lost, the other saved. And the young woman who escaped was the writer's sister.

Something of all the passions; something of all the passions—joy, love, hope, fear, and the others, too, must have been recorded in the pages of my last diary. Or, rather, there should have been, had the youthful writer of those pages put down upon them what he once actually looked upon, as now he recalls them mentally. They must have told, too, how a foe even stronger than the Sioux, one not to be gainsaid, took away a sister at last. We took the oaken wagon seats to make her little coffin. Did it tell how we laid her away to rest, after those days of suffering, when she was carried by turns in our arms, to save her what pain we could? did it tell, then, how she was laid beneath the cottonwoods, where ripple the waters of Laramie, and how the soil was hardly replaced in the grave ere we must depart? Did it tell of the wild night of storm and darkness, through which later we passed? The remainder of "The Journey" was for us, darkened by that ever-remembered tragedy.

**President Ben E. Rich** of the Eastern States Mission died Saturday night, September 13, in New York, from the effects of a stroke of apoplexy which was the culmination of an illness of long duration. During the past year President Rich had experienced a nervous break-

down, and for four weeks prior to his death he was critically ill. At his bedside when he died was Mrs. Diana F. Rich, Benjamin L. Rich of Salt Lake, and Dr. Lorin Rich of Ogden. The body left New York for Salt Lake City on Tuesday, 16th, and the funeral services were held in the Tabernacle in this city on Sunday, September 21.



President Ben E. Rich was the son of Charles C. Rich, a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles from 1849 to 1883, and was one of the early settlers in Utah, arriving here October 3, 1847. President Rich was one of fifty-two children. He received his education in the Salt Lake City Schools. For twelve years he was employed as salesman in Z. C.

M. I. When twenty years of age he removed to Ogden, and later became manager of the Equitable Co-op. On December 7, 1877, he married Diana Farr, daughter of Lorin Farr. In 1880-83 he filled a mission to England, returning with a party of 700 emigrants for Utah

and Idaho. He labored in Ogden for himself in a variety of activities, on his return from his mission, mingling religion, politics and business and becoming prominent in each. In 1893 he removed to Rexburg, Idaho, where he edited the *Rexburg Press*, and the *Silver Hammer*. Later he removed to St. Anthony. In 1893, he published *Mr. Durrant, That Mormon*, and later wrote numerous pamphlets and booklets which were widely distributed, among them *Scrapbook of Mormon Literature*, two volumes.

January 10, 1898, he was set apart to take charge of the Southern States Mission and there founded the *Elders Journal* which was later combined with *Liahona* and called *Liahona the Elders' Journal*. Since that time he has been continually engaged in missionary work making frequent visits to Utah. For eleven years his home was in Chattanooga. On July 21, 1908, he was called to the presidency of the Eastern States Mission, where he was engaged at the time of his last illness. In both these missionary fields he became widely known, and his work has been an important factor in the growth and spread of the work of the Church. By his courage, loyalty and independence he won friends in every locality he visited. He was one of the most fearless expounders of the principles of the gospel, and in his career, beginning at Ogden, he has met and debated frequently with active anti-"Mormons", always leaving a strong impression with the hearers in favor of the truth. One of his strong characteristics, aside from his courage, was his great fund of humor, which gave him prestige wherever he appeared.

The Underwood-Simmons tariff bill was passed by the Senate September 9, by a vote of 44 to 37. The bill was sent promptly to the conference committee, which had not reported up to September 23. On free wool and free sugar, the cardinal features of the new tariff, the Senate and House were in complete harmony. After the bill had passed the House, President Wilson declared that, "A fight for the people and for free business, which has lasted a long generation through, has at last been won, handsomely and completely." The bill has been in Congress over five months, being introduced in the House on April 7, passed by the House May 8, referred to the finance committee of the Senate, May 16, reported to the Democratic caucus, June 20, where it was discussed until July 7, and reported to the Senate by the finance committee July 11. It was discussed in the committee of the whole on September 6 and, as stated, passed by the Senate, September 9, and taken up by the conference committee September 11. The Senate reduced the exemption limit of the income tax from \$4,000 to \$3,000, and also exempted from the income tax provision the incomes of mutual life insurance companies, which revert to the benefit of the stockholders. Cattle and wheat were placed on the free list, and the first reduction in the present sugar duties was postponed to take effect March 1, 1914. It was feared that foreign relations would be unsettled by the tariff changes, and the administration is therefore providing a new measure to forestall all possible trade wars.

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